

THE

T O N ;

O R,

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

SEP



THE
T O N;
OR
FOLLIES OF FASHION.
A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

(F)
By LADY WALLACE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. H. CHAMBERLAINE, L. WHITE,
P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, H. COLBERT, W. M'KENZIE.
J. MOORE, J. JONES, J. HALPEN, and B. DORNIN.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Sold by G. WALSH, 19, WOOD-QUAY.

T. M. O.

ROLLS OF FASHION

C. O. L. D. N.



P R E F A C E.

TO lash the follies and vices of the day in a play is the certain way to insure ill success; and the more natural the pictures, the more sure the opposition. Such was the fate of the Follies of Fashion.—Many trembled before its appearance with the fears of seeing themselves unveiled, and declared, before it was brought upon the stage, an intention of opposing it. They used every illiberal art so to do, although it was supported by the *noblest* and *most respectable* audience that ever graced a theatre;—who distinguished it by every mark of approbation, both when read and acted. But the merits or demerits of the piece did not actuate many of the hissers; for their opposition began before they heard, saw, or were made acquainted with any part of the play—They took *every* step which rage or malice could dictate, to prevent the mirror from being placed before them. They spread abroad, that it was filled with indecencies, and sent information to several Ladies who had boxes, that they had better stay away, as a riot was determined upon, even before its appearance; and had it not been for the loudest applause of the most *distinguished* and *numerous* part of the audience, it certainly would have been damned *unheard*.

From the riot which the mention of Mr. Erskine's name occasioned, although the names of Elliot, Rodney, Charles Fox, and Governor Johnstone, and many others have been mentioned on the stage without even having been disapproved of.—But the author is convinced that she was wrong in naming him, since it has proved so disagreeable to Mr. E. who never saw the comedy or heard any part of it.—It requires no panegyric on his merits to render them known, admired, and respected, and the author would not have fallen into such an error, but from having been tempted to contrast unworthy characters with one so *very* amiable.

But against such parties, headed by the Daffodils, Macpharos, and Lord Bontons of the day, no play could escape;—and indeed its fate was expected. Thus the pictures being so like real life, for once injured the success of the painter. But whilst it suppresses the exhibition of them, it only attests their justness and resemblance, as well as the truth of that satire which probed their vices too much to the quick.

Had candid critics been allowed to speak, had they not been silenced by the clamours of malevolence, they would have found but too much just cause for censure in those various errors which sprung from the author's ignorance of the mechanism of dramatic writing, stage effect, and the necessity which
there

there is for constant action, and little *moral, sentimental talk* in a comedy.—These faults the piece in a great degree possesses, as sentiment, satire, and story, *unsupported* by business and action, she is now sensible, from the mildest critics merit reprobation:—but to be taxed with indecency of language, where no one idea tending to indelicacy was meant to be conveyed, proves the ungenerous malevolence of those who resolved to oppose it, unheard, from imagined personalities. It is to be observed that those *plead guilty* who put on caps meant for no particular person. And if any expression can bear to be twisted and perverted to a double meaning, it was evidently not the intention of the author, nor observable to the most respectable and delicate minds existing; who examined the comedy before it was rehearsed. But, to guard against such misrepresentations, it perhaps requires a depraved mind accustomed to study every idea tending that way;—which is a part of study as yet unknown to the author:—therefore, if she has erred in unmeant expressions, which admit perversion, it arises from ignorance of that evil-minded grossness which leads some to misrepresent every thing, and turn it to their own corrupt ideas. A sensible author says, “that the “nicest people have always the filthiest “ideas;”—and if it is possible for such misrepresentations to affix an improper meaning

to any part of this comedy, it is a proof that the purest ideas may become contaminated, when communicated to the depraved.

That no room may be left for saying that it is altered, the comedy is published incorrectly, as at first acted. Those speeches left out, from its being too long, are marked with inverted commas.

P R O L O G U E.

WHILE Reformation lifts her tardy hand
To scourge at length transgression from the land ;
And dormant statutes, rous'd by Proclamation,
Affright the petty sinners of the nation,
Who shall presume the rule of right to draw
For those who *make, enforce, and break* the law ?
The country Justice, with terrifick frown,
May *scare* a district, or *appal* a town ;
May hurl dire vengeance on the guilty elf
Who dares to do—just what he does himself ;
But who shall rule the justice ?—Who shall dare
To tell *his worship* that *he* must not swear ;
Drive him to church ; prohibit his diversions,
Or fine *him well* for Sabbath-days excursions ?

In London, happily, our zeal's more warm ;
Here live the great examples of reform :
With pure disint'rest, each devoutly labours
To mend, if not *himself*, at least his neighbours.
No secret canker now corrupts the state :
The name of vice is lost among the great.
The virtues in St. James's street that dwell,
Spread thro' the Square, and all along Pall-Mall,
Are such ! 'tis quite impossible to tell.

However, with great search and studious care,
A female bard has glean'd some follies there.

Bred

P R O L O G U E.

Bred among those who wou'd not fear to own 'em,
Had there been vices there, *she* must have known 'em.
Some trifling faults, perhaps *intriguing, gaming,*
Pride, and the like, may want a little shaming;
'Gainst *these she* aims, in aid of law to use
The supplemental sanctions of the Muse.
Assist, ye fair!—She fights for *you* and *virtue*;
Ye great, support her!—for *she* cannot *hurt* you;
Ye rich, ye poor; above, below the laws,
Applaud her, and promote the common cause:
And, if there live who still disgrace the age,
Bid them *revere the vengeance of the stage.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Lord Bonton,</i>	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Lord Raymond,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farren.
<i>Lord Ormond,</i>	-	-	Mr. Pope.
<i>Captain Daffodil,</i>	-	-	Mr. Lewes.
<i>Macpharo,</i>	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
<i>Villiers,</i>	-	-	Mr. Aicken.
<i>Pink,</i>	-	-	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Trusty,</i>	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Ben Levy,</i>	-	-	Mr. Quick.
<i>Master of the Club,</i>			

<i>Lady Bonton</i>	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Lady Raymond,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
<i>Lady Clairville,</i>	-	-	Miss Brunton.
<i>Clara,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Wells.
<i>Mrs. Tender,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Bernard.
<i>Mademoiselle,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Morton.
<i>Maid to Lady Clairville,</i>			

DRAMATIS PERSONE

Mr. Weston
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T H E
T O N;
O R,
FOLLIES OF FASHION.

A C T I.
S C E N E I. *St. James's Park.*

Enter TRUSTY and MADEMOISELLE.

MADEMOISELLE.

EST-il possible, Monsieur Trusty, that Lord Ormond promise to marry your lady?

Trusty. It certainly is so;—I must know who am her steward; every thing is settled—they will be married next week.

Mademoiselle. But den I be gouvernante to Miss Raymond, and I must know, dat he have change his mind—dat be all:—He now marry my charge, sister to Lord Raymond—a sweet girl, not yet fifteen. We came from school to the wedding—and I be resolved dat Miss get one hosban.

B

Trusty.

THE TON; OR,

Trusty. Don't pronounce Lord Ormond, the most respectable of men, such a villain, as basely to desert Lady Clairville,—who is the loveliest, worthiest lady in England.

Mademoiselle. Oh, dat be nothing!—great men be frivole, dey chuse from caprice, and change wit the wind—and laugh at de loveliest, de wordiest, and all dat sort of ting.

Trusty. But my lady has such a fortune, that I cannot imagine what can tempt him to think of *your* misf.

Mademoiselle. What do you say?—She have grande fortune!—Oh! den I fear he love her ver much—I begin to tink dat dere be some trut in your story.—If so—ah, pauvre Mam'selle Raymond!

Trusty. Loves her!—it is not three days since he lov'd her tenderly, therefore you can't have *much* reason to expect he means to marry Miss Raymond.

Mademoiselle. But sure I have—he have ask her, and *more* dan all dat—but I will make her ver happy, by telling her what a rival he sacrifice for her.

Trusty. If such a cruel disappointment to another can give her pleasure, she can have but a bad heart.—What profligate coquettes the fine gentlemen are now-a-days!—No wonder, that in following their example, their wives and daughters should become contemptible.

Mademoiselle. I see Pink coming;—do you know his master, Captain Daffodil?

Trusty. Yes, yes; he is the greatest coxcomb in town—quite the Ton—and thinks himself very clever, by prying into every body's history, and exaggerating it into ridicule.

Mademoiselle. O! if he can write a scandalous epigram, hit off a dark innuendo against de respectable, he have all de wit of de Ton.

Trusty. If the man be like the master, I'm off.

[Exit Trusty.]

Enter P I N K.

Pink. Your devoted, Mam'selle! I'm quite fortunate in meeting with you, for I seldom can stir abroad.—

'Pon

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'Pon my soul, we persons of fashion have a sad time of it—much splendour, but no rest.

Mademoiselle. I should tink de valet to Captain Daffodil, be no great trouble, but grand plaisir.

Pink. Ah, Ma'mselle! you know not half my woe! I'm but the shadow of the Pink that I was, when I went into his service.—Up all night—put from sleep even in the morning, when he comes home in bad humour—because uninvited to a ball; or having lost money—then all the rainy morning forc'd to sag after Jew brokers—tell lies to tradesmen—carry billets-doux to women of quality—then hurry, hurry home again to dress him for St James's street:—better far the life of a hackney coach horse.

Mademoiselle. Captain Daffodil be so pretty a man, he sure never want money—de great lady give him plenty.

Pink. Why, *some* of them pay him for attendance pretty well;—there is Lady Bonton—ah, Ma'mselle, I suppose you know how matters stand at Bonton House.

Mademoiselle. It be de grandest assemblée in town—grand faro—and petit soupé,—très gallant.

Pink. I wish that was all;—but we that are in the *secret*, are quite distress'd at present.—'Pon my soul, I fear, they'll shut up shop—Lady Bonton has had a cursed bad run;—Lady Va-tout has touch'd her for a devilish large sum. [*Looking at his watch.*] But I must tear myself away, for it's near twelve; the Captain will be ringing—I must run.

Mademoiselle. No, no; pray, Monsieur Pink, do tell me more of de grand monde to tell my pupil—now she go to shine in it.

Pink. 'Pon my soul the Captain will be quite frantick, if I should be absent when he awakes;—to go out in the morning, I dress him en demi coquette—then before dinner, I finish him off in high style, en prince; but after dinner comes the hardest task of all!

Mademoiselle. What do you do den?—he sure not dress tree times?

Pink. Oh, he returns home before he goes to the party's, to have the left side chifonnée, and it must be

arranged in so very easy a manner, as to seem as if done by a lady's cap—then here—(*pointing to his face*) just half on the whisker, and half on the curl, I must put on loosely a little rouge, as if it had been left there by a lady's cheek.—Then his coat here—I must powder with the most natural appearance, as if it had been done by a lady's having fainted in his arms; and if all is not done to his mind, the poor Pink has a devil of a life.

Mademoiselle. A ha! so Captain Daffy not have a fine lady to do all this for him?

Pink. No, no; he only wishes that it should be *thought* they do—that pleases a beau ten times better, than it's really being so.

Mademoiselle. But dere is Mr. Macpharo, he not tink so;—Ah! he de grand fine looking man!—He make the ladies hearts go pit a pat!

Pink. To say the truth of it, he is the only friend the Captain has,—who seems formed to please you Ladies—for he makes no fuss about it; yet, loves a pretty girl in his soul.

Mademoiselle. Ver surprising, dat de English women love to have in public, what de French always wish to have en privacy.

Pink. Those ladies who wish to be at the height of Ton, like to be followed by the men, for *nothing* but vanity.—But that don't prevent the sly fellows, like Macpharo, from faring as well in London, as *any* Englishman does at Paris.

Mademoiselle. He be fine fellow——make game of every body.

Pink. That is his *business* you know; he gave it out when he came from Ireland, that he was descended from the Kings of Ireland;—and I do believe there was *this* family likeness among them; that neither of them had a *Crown* in their possession.

Mademoiselle. Ha! ha! but he now be ver rich!

Pink. He is none of Pharaoh's *lean kine*; he has made a devilish large fortune by duping fools:—A young Buck of fortune takes a pride in boasting his losses, and thinks it gives him an air of fashion, being without a guinea,
but

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but what costs him twelve shillings in the pound to borrow from a Jew broker.

Mademoiselle. Ha, ha, ha! if Lord Ormond marry dis Lady Clairville, I will try get dis Macpharo for my charge.

Pink. Adieu, Mam'selle! I must force myself away.—I'll fly to you the first spare moment, to attend you to the masked ball. [Exit Pink.]

Mademoiselle. I now will run tell Mam'selle Julia what a fine Lady, Lord Ormond give up for her.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Captain Daffodil's Room—*Sopha, a number of Pillows, Toilet.*

Daffodil looking in the Glass, in his Powder Gown—pulling off a pair of gloves.

Daffodil. It is strange, Pink is not returned.—Those chicken skin gloves are very bad, I must enquire of Moseneau to day for some more softening—

Enter Pink.

Well, Pink, have you learned when lady Raymond goes out to-day?

Pink. The coach is ordered at two.—I left your note at Lady Bonton's—and gave your letter to the Jew broker at the Salopian.

Daffodil. Well, make haste, Pink; I'm in a great hurry.

Pink. Will you have the Olympian dew, the Venetian cream, or the Milk of roses to prepare for the rouge to-day?

Daffodil. Neither; I han't time now; only give me the rouge and the black for my eye-brows.

[*Whilst he is painting, a loud knocking, which makes Pink hide the paint.*]

Enter Macpharo.

Macpharo. What, Daffodil! not dress yet?

Daffodil. [Putting on his cloaths whilst conversing] Why it an't late—only one o'clock. I protest I have only allowed myself one hour to-day to dress—because

in a great hurry. But, Macpharo, have you heard the news? I'm quite elated with hope.

Macpharo. What news? That there is to be a war?

Daffodil. [Terrified] A war!—Oh heavens and earth forbid! Did you really hear such horrid news?

Macpharo. Not I faith—but I suppose you mean Raymond's marriage with the Cit.

Daffodil. Yes. I vow I was quite overwhelm'd in Ennui, till I heard of this glorious piece of vulgar fresh game.

Macpharo. Glorious indeed!—A hundred thousand pounder, is she not?—On my conscience I'll eat no meat for this six weeks, but sago broth, to be cool for him in the evenings—just when new married, is the only time at all, at all, to have *at* him—when he's flush'd with success, plenty of shiners—then you know he'll stay as long as you please at the club, lest we should laugh at him, as that stupid, dull dog—A *fond husband*.

Daffodil. Stupid indeed!—but a devilish rare sort of stupidity.—Par Dieu, Macpharo, I'm more to be pitied than I can express, that the husbands are all become such contented, indifferent fellows.

Macpharo. Indeed, now, I thought that you men of intrigue found great advantage in that.

Daffodil. There you mistake,—it renders the conquest so easy, that one dares not absolutely shew the least favor to those ladies. Some time ago, one could not favor a lady, but her Lord was all impatience for a divorce, and to publish one's success.—But *now*, one is continually granting favors to women of the first quality, and one has no notice taken of them except the chance to quarrel with her confidante, who tells out of spite, and one hears one's name in a list of half a score more who have been equally civil to her.

Macpharo. As for me now, I care nothing at all, at all, for *talking* about it; if it were not, that it is a sure letter of recommendation to all the rest of the sex.

Daffodil. Aye to be sure it is; and as for my part, I vow the only joy I know of intrigue, is teasing a husband,

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band, setting him a spy over his wife:—his jealousy sets one's name up, and where ever one appears all the women exclaim—"Oh! here comes the dear, dangerous, seducing wretch."—Then the wife, par contradiction, is so anxious for an opportunity to slip a billet-doux,—give a promising look, and it is so delightful to baulk her at last, he, he, he!—These are the joys of intrigue,—but they are chilled, nipt in the bud, by the husbands all being so indifferent.

Macpharo. Ha! by St. Patrick, my boy; I forgot now that your corps are more for *shew* than *use*:—You like all the parade and shew of the business, now as for me by the Lord Harry I'm quite different.

Daffodil. Oh thou art a most graceless varlet—have you no compunction for transgression?—Thank God I have no sins of *that sort* to answer for!—Whenever the lady comes to *that* D. I. O., say I.

Macpharo. D. I. O.—Oh, that is a new game I suppose—I hope it will take, and to be sure play will take a man from the woman he loves, the best upon earth.

Daffodil. A new game! He, he, he! La, it is only a way of saying, damn me, I'm off, without the grossi-
fierté of an oath. Could you really suppose me such a ninny, as to give up my person to the mercy of a cormorant woman of quality? How then shou'd I be able to fly here and there, with the Dutchess of Dash—the Countess of Careless—Lady Giggle—and a thousand others upon my *list*.

Macpharo. Burn me, but they get little for their reputation by your own account of it.—You are a choice fellow faith, for an heir of entail to recommend to a childless Peer for a cicisbeo; yet you are a sad dog, upon my conscience, for you ruin the husband's *quiet*, and the wife's *reputation*, all for nothing at all, at all.

Daffodil. Yet every female heart flutters at my approach, and joy graces the fair one's face with smiles of triumph, whose box I honor with my presence.

Macpharo. I met Lord Bonton as I came here;—he said he would call in a few minutes.

Daffodil. Then let *me* be gone, for he is quite a *bore* at home—When abroad, he is well enough; being a peer,

to

to shew in one's party, as one does a running footman in one's suit—he, he, he!

Macpharo. He is the tip top of taste—has no one propensity or passion but what fashion dictates.

Daffodil. His Lady is quite the empress of whim and dissipation—She tempts the men to follow her by hanging out all the lures of coquetry, and the women by being the leader of every pleasure.

Macpharo. I believe she has no tendresse; yet she has all the scandal of lovers for nothing at all.

Daffodil. Yet I believe she would do any thing, rather than lose a flirt:—she is one of those sort of women that may be *piqued to that purpose*, for which in vain you would *court them*—But I will leave you to receive his Lordship, and fly to meet Lady Raymond.—I must take *pity* on the poor thing, and give her a Ton by attending her.—Je me flatte, my attentions will not be thrown away. [Exit.

Macpharo. By my soul, but hers will.—What a damn'd insignificant *be-she* thing this man-milliner is!—yet, by looking like *what he is not*, by a most creative fancy for scandal, with the art of playing off one silly woman against another—he has ruined half a score female reputations, from mere appearances, backed by his own innuendos.—Ah, my Lord!

Enter Lord Bonton.

What news from Newmarket? I hope you had good sport —

Bonton. Pas mal—most confoundedly beat—touch'd for ten thousand—What is doing at the club?

Macpharo. Faith, few of us in town—Raymond has got a bit of supply, a pretty girl; and sure he got a plumb with her—he lost seven thousand last night—he still is forced to borrow from Ben Levy; for his wife's fortune is not to be paid till Easter.

Bonton. By that time it probably will be all forenail'd—I'm told this *cit* is a fine-made thing, spite of her breed

Macpharo. Sure the breed is good, for her father married a woman of quality.

Bonton.

Bonton. Then, enough said—I have not a doubt but that mamma took care she was *thorough bred*.—Does it take after the dam? Will it train to be a sporting thing?

Macpharo. 'Pon my conscience, then, she is all fire and faggot;—and will no more submit to be the neglected rib that Raymond will make her, than the blood of the Macpharo's will to stomach an affront.

Bonton. Her Lord and she are quite different—He is all dissipation.

Macpharo. They are as opposite as alkaline and acid, and may chance, like hartshorn and vinegar, to fret till the one destroy the other.

Bonton. The hartshorn may get uppermost, perchance.

Macpharo. She is all artless simplicity—has a most eloquent blood in her cheek, and a promising, melting softness in her eye.—She may profit by the lectures of Mrs. Tender—who has got her in *toe*; and she, you know, is quite *Pandora's box*, never opens her lips, but all sorts of ills fly out upon her neighbours—She is—but what is she not?—for she professes to be all *virtue* in public and in private—She is every thing *that is bad*.

Bonton. Lady Bonton is just gone to call upon her—and 'gad I must have a peep at her Ladyship to-night at the masqued ball, to be given *al fresco*, by the Duke in Kensington Gardens.—But what has he done with Clara?

Macpharo. Why sure, as cash is low, she must be in great poverty—She pretended to *sentimentals*, and left him because he got married—and now that Raymond has got so rich a wife, he will be for having a girl that will not be after mopeing it in a corner—but spend his money, and rant it like the favorite sultana.

Bonton. Let us enquire after her—I have a fancy for her, if it won't take too much trouble;—but I hate attendance and courtship.—Will ye, or will ye not, Madam, is my *way*.

Macpharo. Raymond won't easily forgive you; you know a man of Ton thinks his wife fair game for every one;

one; but to seduce a *mistress* whom he loves would be rather dishonorable.

Banton Very true—but now she has *quitted* him 'tis all fair—Allons donc. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *Lady Raymond's House.*

Enter Lady Raymond and Lady Banton.

Lady Raymond. How cruelly I have been disappointed of my promised joy—those balls and fetes I intended to have at my wedding!

Lady Banton. I protest, my dear Lady Raymond, we have passed this week in such a sombre, domestic style, that it is enough to give you an aversion to the blest state of matrimony; which, Heaven knows, is *triste* enough, even embellished with all those pleasures every one can find in the gay world to keep one from that monster ennui, which ever devours one in a family party.

[*Yawns.*

Lady Raymond. Lord Ormond's illness and Miss Raymond's melancholy has thrown a damp on all my promised pleasures.

Lady Banton. How could your Lord fetch such a tiny Miss from school?

Lady Raymond. Do you know that Ormond has asked her in marriage?

Lady Banton. Impossible! Why he is engaged, and attached beyond description to Lady Clairville, whose rank and fortune Julia Raymond can't rival; and their marriage is daily expected.

Lady Raymond. Sure the amiable Ormond can't act so dishonorable a part?

Lady Banton. To resign the riches and eclat of Lady Clairville, I should wonder at; as for the *honor* part of it, that's easily got over by gay men.—But *you*, child, brought up t'other side of St. Paul's, don't yet know the creed of honor at St. James's—Men laugh at all perfidies and promises broken; you are yet to learn what a soul-less thing a man of fashion is.

Lady Raymond. All my hopes I have placed on my loved Lord, and sure I am, he never can prove ungenerous.

Lady

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Lady Bonton. So says every fond fair in the honey moon. Perhaps your Lord may turn out a phoenix; but they are singular productions.—I have lived long enough in the beau monde to be convinced that we should deaden our feelings as much as we can, and substitute the pleasures of dissipation for that domestic comfort, which is seldom or never realized—Submit to me, and I will teach you—

Enter Mrs. Tender.

Mrs. Tender. To carry on as many intrigues as you please, and yet escape detection.—This I doubt not is what Lady Bonton *would* have said—and if to be, in a sly way, a woman of intrigue is your Ladyship's intention, she will *indeed* prove a most convenient friend;—for she is the very soul of Ton, and understands every art, from that of placing with grace a feather in your Ladyship's cap, to the secreting a lover in your Lord's bedchamber.

Lady Bonton. And if, my dear, you should chuse to mope, be constant to your husband, fret in solitude for his losses at the club—his amourettes—and other follies; or if led from spirit and good humor, you partake the gaieties of society: rigid virtue will avail you *nothing*, since Mrs. Tender's over-scrupulous religion will set down *every* man you speak to, as a favored gallant.

Lady Raymond. Heavens! Ladies, you astonish me! till *now*, I thought it sufficient to be *really* virtuous, to preserve one's reputation.

Lady Bonton. Lord, child! they an't so alarmed at the idea of gallantry *now* in the beau monde, since one finds purity of virtue, and excessive delicacy, neglected by the *women*, and laughed at by the *men*.—The sure way to be sought after by every gay circle, and have your virtue and charms resounded by every beau, is to have a little condescension.—It raises one to éclat, fashion, and general admiration—it is that—

Mrs. Tender. And money *now* that stamps the value on individuals, and often insures the most unworthy the best welcome; every where it is the *passé-partout*;—but reputation is of no more use in the gay world, than pat-

tens

tens to a lady who *never walks*; they are valued by the bourgeois only. Fashion asks, what fortune, what eclat you have; not what virtues you possess.

Lady Bonton. Oh, no; your heroines of sentiment are for Arcadian scenes, or solitude, where conscience *only* accompanies them.

Mrs. Tender. So, only favour a few of the puffing coxcombs of fashion, and see that your Lord don't by an unlucky run lose your fortune, and you may do what you please.—Oh! what a world we live in!—I am petrified with its wickedness!

Lady Bonton. I protest, I never hear a woman rail so at gallantry, but I suppose that it is occasioned by her want of success. The same reason that I rail at play, tho' I cannot go *one* night without it.

Lady Raymond. It surely is very painful to be so religious, Mrs. Tender; for you absolutely go through a kind of purgatory, for the sins of all your acquaintance.

Lady Bonton. I keep all my morality for my closet.

Mrs. Tender. That is, because your Ladyship's house, being a new fashioned one, has no closets.

Lady Bonton. It is a pity—they are mighty convenient things on many occasions, besides moments of reflection.—Don't you find it so, Mrs. Tender?

Mrs. Tender. Yes, to fly from dubious characters, and profligate men.—I vow I cannot look at a fellow without blushing;—filthy creatures!

Lady Bonton. These are illiberal prejudices, which embitter all the comforts of life

Lady Raymond. And destroy thousands of reputations. Spotless as innocence.

Mrs. Tender. If you countenance vile women, you'll soon be—

Lady Raymond. What? because I will not credit every scandal, which oftener arises from malice at superior virtue, than a hatred of vice.

Lady Bonton. Which never exists in a breast, eager to credit the infamy of others.

Lady Raymond. Too often to be innocent and unfortunate is a crime which draws with it the suspicion of every other, from those who credit the existence of
of

of no virtue, Mrs. Tender, from possessing none of their own.

Mrs. Tender. (*Looking at her watch*) Bless me, ma chere, I fear I shall be too late for my sick friend.—Good bye, my love!—[*Aside.*] Preaching impertinence; but I will be revenged. [*Exit Mrs. Tender.*]

Lady Raymond. What a starch'd piece of spite this is! Lord! how I hate those *bad* hearts, who feed on the misery and reproach of their neighbours!

Lady Bonton. She is a tedious creature! Come, let's walk in the park.

Lady Raymond. With all my heart. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *Another Room in Lady Raymond's*

Enter Mademoiselle and Daffodil.

Daffodil. But tell me, now, that you have given me such a freezing account of Lady Raymond's virtue;—What sort of thing is your pupil?

Mademoiselle. Indeed, Monsieur, she be the foolish baby; I do all I can to teach her de grace, and how shou'd behave,—but she be so very shy, so modest, she can never be de least a Ton lady.

Daffodil. Why, Mam'selle, you're so charming a woman, that I'm amazed she don't pick up a little of your fashion.

Mademoiselle. Ah! Monsieur, you be so gallant, so clever—but she be so sad, it banish all de loves and graces:—I tell her de Ton lady be all small talk, all maniere; I teach her to practise de grace; de saucy look for de inferior, de inviting look for de men—de sneer for de infortuné, and de ctinge for de leader of de Ton.

Daffodil. Charming creature! thou wert made to form the female mind, to all that we can desire!—But won't this little sentimental girl pick up nothing from your lessons?

Mademoiselle. No, ver little.—I tell her, dat in place of de blushing timidity dat she have, she ought to be bold, like de fine lady.—Dis is de lesson I give—[*As she goes to the door, comes in affectedly, and impudently staring.*]

staring.] How do!—reach me a chair—I'm so-fatigué, danced till four.—den lost shockingly at faro.—Have you heard de terrible news of Lady Gaylove?—Entre nous, she always was suspected by me: (*Starting up*) But mercy on me! I forgot de fine caps, dat are at Madam Beauvais.—And so I shew her, with a pretty little run, to go off, and leave all in admiration of her wit, spirit, and Ton.

Daffodil. Vastly well! quite the woman of fashion.

Mademoiselle. Yes, but she not do it—she cry, Oh, Ma'mselle, I am undone!—Alas, I feel! I stop her short, and cry, sy-donc—de fine lady never feel—dey laugh at all de feeling, and have sent dem to de house of Commons.

Daffodil. He, he!—But pray, what does she mean by *undone*?

Mademoiselle. She be sad, cause she marry Lord Ormond, who give up Lady Clairville for her, from a ting dat I brought about.

Daffodil. She ought to be vain of this.

Mademoiselle. She say, she owe her ruin to my bad conduct, and dis is ver hard, when I do all I can to get her de handsome hosbon.

Daffodil. She is a fool, and you, ma chere, thrown away upon such a sentimental piece of prudery. 'Pon my soul it is a pity! Was it not for a few such governesses as thou art, we young fellows should not find one girl of spirit, above vulgar prejudices and the vestal purity of antiquated virgins.

Mademoiselle. When she talk of *ruin*, I tell her dere be no harm, where dere be no scandal; dat nature give the belle passion to be indulged; dey be de grand plaisir of life.

Daffodil. Talk of *ruin*! What is that you say, Ma'mselle?

Mademoiselle. [*Aside.*] Mon Dieu! my tongue run too fast, I must not tell him—No Sir; but you know it be provoking she not have him, cause he leave another for her.

Daffodil. Hush! la, I think I hear some one coming; I would not be seen by Lady Raymond for the world;

world; but I'll return when dark, and talk over matters.

Mademoiselle. Dat will do better, den no one see you.—Adieu, Monsieur. *Exit Mademoiselle.*

Daffodil. This is what I could wish; I'll leave my carriage a little way from the house, place my servant at the door—tell, before I leave the club, that I must be pointed to a moment, to meet a kind fair one; then I know half the members will watch me; Dick Pont, or Tom Coggett will follow me, and to-morrow will whisper it every where, that I was with Lady Raymond. Bravo! bravissimo! By thus cleverly conducting a few rencontres with waiting-maids, and gouvernantes, I have gained credit for half a dozen affairs with ladies of quality. *[Exit,*

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E, Lady Raymond, *sola.*

THIS is a sad life I've got into, My Lord forgets I'm a stranger to the great world;—I will however endeavour to steal him from his follies, and to acquire some knowledge of those around me, though left unguided in those scenes of dissipation; independent of my fond attachment to *him*, I never can forget what I owe *myself*.

Enter Lord and Lady Bonton, Daffodil, and Macpharo.

Lady Bonton. Allow me to present to you the irresistible Captain Daffodil.—If you will take *his* word for it, he is the assassin of every heart in the purlieus of

St. James's; take care, ma chère, else he will have you on his list very soon.

Lady Raymond. Fortunately for me, the charms of Raymond have taken out of my keeping, a treasure, which, in this gay world, it seems few females can keep.

Lady Bonton. [*Aside.*] What a poor ignorant simpleton it is!

Lord Bonton. If this be all that we have to fear, it yet may come amongst us; for Raymond soon will resign a charge, he can't be so untonish as to accept from his wife! ha! ha!

Daffodil. Especially, when he has concerns of that nature to occupy him more fashionably elsewhere! he! he!

Lady Raymond. However, my Lord from fashion may appear to slight his wife, he has too much delicacy not to value her affections, and only leaves her so much to herself, because she perfectly possesses his esteem—which she never can forfeit.

Lord Bonton. 'Pon my soul, a pretty way of construing a husband's indifference into a compliment!—Ha! ha! ha!

Daffodil. But I trust her Ladyship will, in a little time, humanize—and give up these misplac'd plebeian ideas! he! he!

Lady Raymond. (*aside.*) Petulant coxcomb!

Lady Bonton. Why was you not at the rehearsal of the opera this morning?—The new singer is divine.—Oh, the celestial creature!—I was all rapture!

Macphuro. (*aside.*) Oh, now just as if every body did not know that the *terrestrial* cratures please her far better.

Lady Raymond. I like music very much;—but I have enough of it in the evening;—mere sound pleases—but cannot occupy my mind.

Lady Bonton. Lord, child! you must leave the morality, wit, and satire of the drama to your *sensible, stupid, reasoning* folks,—as for my part, I don't understand them.—But if you an't in raptures with Signor Trilliné, you'll be thought quite Gothic.

Daffodil.

Daffodil. 'Pon my soul, we will call you La Belle Sauvage! he! he!

Lady Raymond. I'm no *Ton* lady, and as I'm never violent, I want the most necessary ingredient to form one.

Macpharo. 'Pon my soul then, your Ladyship is so divine, you may make what you please the *Ton*.

Daffodil. Perhaps her Ladyship dislikes the opera singers, because they are like fashionable husbands! he! he! he!

Macpharo. Like fashionable husbands!—How is that, Daffodil?—is it because they are usually accompanied by horns?

Lady Bonton. More likely, because they have most strange crôtchers, and are often out of tune.

Daffodil. He! he! monstrous clever, my lady; very well, indeed:—but the similitude which I meant was, because they never compose their own *airs*!—he! he! he!

Lady Bonton. 'Pon my word, Captain, you're quite brilliant this morning.

Macpharo. I fancy, Daffodil borrows his wit as well as his money, it is so plenty.

Lady Bonton. “Mac. do give us the favourite air.
“—[*To Lady Raymond*] Do you know, he sings it
“charmingly!

Macpharo. “'Pon my soul, ladies, I have no
“greater claim to be a singer, than Daffodil has to wit.

Lady Raymond. “You may at least, like him, attempt it.

Mrs. Tender. “Whatever Mac. attempts, he is sure
“to succeed in.—Not such the fate of poor Daffy.

Macpharo. “I'm always at the command of the
“ladies. [Sings a song.]

Lady Bonton. [*Aside.*] “Oh the bewitching, divine fellow!

Mrs. Tender. [*Aside.*] “Lady Bonton looks as if
“she'd devour him.

Lady Bonton. “Who would give the rudest note of
“his voice for all the quivering of an opera singer?

Lady Raymond. "Extremely well indeed, Sir.—
"You have great taste."

Macpharo. You flatter me too much.—[to *Lady Bonton.*] I hope your ladyship's ill luck did not continue last night.—They made quite a dove of me at the club.

Lady Bonton. Pray don't talk of it!—I lost every thing—I absolutely lost eight hundred pounds on one card; and it grew worse after supper—I got to bed by six, but faro had murdered sleep.—Have you been at Bath these holidays, Captain?

Daffodil. "No, I could not go; I was so much
"engaged, which I regretted;—for I have a friend
"there, whose house is very convenient for carrying on
"matters without eclat, which I do hate monstrously!
"he! he! he!

Lady Raymond. "Is it possible!—why then perpetually talking of them?"

Daffodil. "It is vastly hard that all my little adventures come to be talked of;—but the women are
"so jealous of each other—*they blow one another.*"—
This year I kept away from Bath in compassion to the poor misses—for no sooner do the mammas read my name amongst the arrivals, than the girls are locked up in garrets and cellars.

Lady Bonton. Poor Daffodil!—I hear you sent last year several to the hot-wells in consumptions from pining despair.

Daffodil. It is vastly foolish in the girls to allow themselves to be caught with me.—I never pay any attention but to married women.—I can't bear the misses—they are so foolish in their calf love! he! he!

Lady Raymond. (*aside.*) Calf love, indeed, if they love with such a thing as thou art!

Lady Bonton. But, Daffodil, where are your vouchers for your killed and wounded?—for I am quite an infidel in love matters.

Lord Bonton. Oh, pray look at his face and figure, then think on his wit to captivate the heart! ha! ha!

Lady

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

19

Lady Bonton. Well, at least he is as amusing as a dice-box, or a race-horse, to which you devote your soul, body, and estate.

Macpharo. (*aside*) Faith, I'll be bound, if he is not amusing, that is not *her* fault.

Lord Bonton. Gad, if my horses had won no more plates than Daffy has hearts and favours from ladies, I should have cut a cursed bad figure on the turf! ha! ha!

Daffodil. I must go, my dear ladies; I have an appointment of great consequence.

Exit Daffodil affectedly.

Lady Bonton. Well, I do believe that Master Daffodil, like most of the beaux of St. James's-street, dreams all his *bonne fortunes* and successes.

Lady Raymond. Yet, when women will appear pleas'd to be followed by such empty coxcombs, whose only recommendation is a pretty face and person—

Lord Bonton. Why, to be sure, people may imagine what sort of pleasures they afford.

Macpharo. These bragging fellows I never believe.

Lady Bonton. Were one to make a slip, for that very reason those bragging fellows would be the choicest creatures alive to make the *faux pas* with; for when they tell, no one believes them! ha! ha! [*All laugh.*]

Lady Bonton. Lord, child! it is impossible for you to do without those young fellows!—One has no *eclat* in the world, except one is attended by the men,—or consequence even, were we angels of perfection.

Macpharo. And you surely cannot suppose that your husband will be so ridiculous as to be tagging after his wife.

Lady Bonton. Oh, no; if you meet him, it will be with his girl, or paying divine honors to a friend's wife.—You may, during the honey-moon, prefer him—but depend upon it, as Daffodil says, you will certainly humanize—Lord! I should die of the vapours—not exist without the men:—to what end dress—opera—party—or assembly?—and I'm sure I see less of my Lord than of any man I know.

Lord

Lord Bonton. My dear, if you wish to be adored by men and women, and enjoy perfect happiness, follow my example:—give petit soupers—ask those couples that will be happiest to meet each other—have a faro-table, and laugh at every thing.—A leader of the Ton surpasses in power a reigning Empress.

Macpharo. Faith, it bestows every advantage that empire can. It aggrandizes the low born,—sets at nought ancient titles—makes the great do *little* things without reproach, and little people do *great* ones, without praise or reward.

Lady Bonton. It makes the poor rich, and the rich laugh at being impoverished.

Macpharo. People of Ton require no money.

Lady Bonton. No—only for one's card purse;—for one has credit in every shop, and it were vulgar to pay one's bills.

Lord Bonton. Mechanics are flattered to have people of fashion on their books, tho' they were sure to become bankrupts in their service! ha! ha! ha!

Lady Raymond. They must run all risks, lest the French get all their custom.

Lady Bonton. Why, you know, child, every thing French is the rage at present.

Lady Raymond. I wish that rage was shewn against—in place of for them—for our manufactures are shamefully neglected.

Macpharo. Don't say so, my lady.—Have not half the fine ladies home manufactures of their own faces and figures. [All laugh.

Lady Bonton. But still the materials are French.

Macpharo. Long may it be so, that all English false colours may be French.

Lady Raymond. And soon may every British face be ashamed to carry them.

Macpharo. Away with the roses and lilies of France, I say; English flesh and blood for me.

Lady Bonton. Can you really admire robust vulgar health!—Horrid wretch!—I vow, I never see a country-looking Miss with a complexion like a half ripe cherry, but it sets my teeth an edge!

Macpharo. Faith, then, it makes my mouth water sure enough.

Lady Bontin. But with dear rouge one can assume any character one pleases, by the quantity; be either languishing, fiere—or tender.

Lady Raymond. But are those all the mighty advantages of high Ton? if so—

Lady Bontin. No, child, they are supreme!—for with each frown a reputation dies;—and a sneer from Ton renders all vulgar praise ridiculous!

Lady Raymond. And it is quite bourgeois to countenance one's relations, except equally fashionable; or bestow any mark of approbation on humble virtue.—Before I had the honor of being Lord Raymond's wife, I remember well the slights that I received from Lady Hurricane, a rantipole Tonish sister of my mother's. She carried on the little intercourse she had with me, with as much, nay more, secrecy, than she did her amouretts! ha! ha!—for it would have made her far more unhappy, to have had it known, that I, whom *no body knew*, was with her, than if it had been reported that she had committed the most outrageous faux pas—ha! ha!

[All ha! ha! ha!]

Macpharo. Ha! ha!—now that is so like her!—

Lady Raymond. She never ask'd me to her house, when any one, but some untonish country cousin was to be there, and that only that she might chatter and fill us with wonder at her account of her vanities, and finery: but I verily believe, she'd sooner have made the enormous sacrifice of staying one night at home, than have been seen with me in public! ha! ha!

[All, ha! ha! ha!]

Macpharo. Indeed, Ton releases one from all vulgar attentions, and from all connections out of its own circle.

Lady Bontin. I vow, my dear, you must adopt its system; for if you persist in your hideous sentimental, you'll tire every body à la mort.—Every man will regret that he is not your husband, that he may be at liberty to shun you.—I protest I get—[Laughs.] such a dose whenever I see you, that I can't adjust my dimples, and en-
joument

jouement for an hour. [*Looking in the glass.*]—Frightful! I absolutely look as doleful as if I was just come from the funeral of my favourite monkey.

Macpharo. Oh, you are most bewitching! such a languor in your eyes, one dares look on them now, without being totally consumed, which I sometimes fear—

Lady Bonton. Oh, you agreeable wretch!—you are quite charming to put me in spirits again.—[*Gives him her hand, which he kisses.*] There—I'll carry you with me to the exhibition to chassée ennui. [*Pulls away her hand.*] But don't devour me. [*To Lady Raymond.*] Will you go, my dear?

Lady Raymond. I promis'd to call on Lady Clairville.

Macpharo. (*aside*) Lady Raymond is not a bit jealous, I have but bad chance, I fear.

Lady Bonton. This is a most singular affair between her and Ormond.

Lady Raymond. As Miss Raymond is my sister, it is not a subject for *me* to mention to her, and I know not what to think of it.

Lady Bonton. Poor Lady Clairville, who was all vivacity, is in sad distress.

Lady Raymond. Yet she appears with proper dignity, and *as yet*, I fancy, knows nothing of his marriage with Miss Raymond.

Lady Bonton. I fear *more* has pass'd than we are aware of;—tho' Lady Clairville is very *prudent*.

Lord Bonton. Why, is it so odd, that Ormond should change his mind?—It would be devilish hard if a man of *fashion* was expected to stick to his bargain, like an *honest merchant*, whose all depends on his credit! ha! ha! ha!

Lady Raymond. Very hard, indeed—Half the pleasure of their existence would be destroyed,

Lady Bonton. Come, Macpharo, allons.—shall I see you before you go to Newmarket, my Lord?

Lord Bonton. Perhaps I may dine at home one day next week; and if you chance to be chez vous, I shall ask your commands.—I shall see my friend Raymond at the club—[*Exit Lady Bonton and Macpharo*] and shall

shall tell him how perfectly I admire his charming wife ;
(*bowing.*) [*Aside.*] who will make a glorious tit, when
properly train'd. [*Exit opposite sides.*]

SCENE, *Lady Clairville, Lady Raymond, seated.*

Lady Raymond. Alas, my dear, I fear that my Lord
loves me not.—I begin to fancy my hopes of happiness a
delusive dream.

Lady Clairville. Why suppose it, my dear? When
you do meet, he is never unkind.—But he, you know,
is a hero of St. James's-street.

Lady Raymond. This thing, Daffodil says, that he
has a mistress ; and it is but too evident, that he is afraid,
or ashamed of being seen with me.

Lady Clairville. Because, my dear, fools would
laugh at him ;—and many wise men cannot brook ri-
dicule.

Lady Raymond. Should I express a wish for his
company, which in you, Lady Bonton, or perhaps
even this mistress, would please him, from me would
fret him sadly.

Lady Clairville. You are yet to learn the follies and
weakness which degrade the lords of the creation ; should
a mistress command one of them to give up for her his
dearest pleasure, he would.

Lady Raymond. But a wife is ever suspected of hav-
ing a plot on the reins of government ;—and that man
would hide his head, ashamed if but suspected of giving
into the hands of a woman of family, honor, and educa-
tion, one particle of that power—

Lady Clairville. Which he would glory in con-
figning to an ignorant, low bred profligate, who laughs
at her dupe, with half the young fellows in town.

Lady Raymond. I must endeavour to tempt my lov'd
Lord from this vice of gaming ;—as to his amouretts,
I care for no caprice of *that* sort,—that will not rob me
of his protection, which I shall ever study to merit, by
good-humour, and every endeavour to make home agree-
able to him ; which may steal him from himself, and
tho' no courtier bred, I trust that my fond wishes to
please him, may one day interest his heart.

Lady

Lady Clairville. I sincerely hope you may succeed in taming your wild mate ;—it is a most difficult task, for they look upon us poor women, as only fit to be fools, or fooled.

Lady Raymond. My Lord has lost a large sum, and that, I dare say, frets him. I'll go to my father, and implore him to advance me part of my fortune ;—he so fondly values my happiness, that I am sure he will. I shall get it conveyed to my Lord, without his knowing that it comes from me.

Lady Clairville. I approve of your not letting him know it is *you* who assists him ;—for even such liberality in a wife, would displease ungenerous man, who hates to owe them any obligation.

Lady Raymond. He has applied to Levy for the money, and I mean that *he* shall give it him :—I must go to his house—don't you think that I am very bold to venture ?

Lady Clairville. Oh, you are in no danger—Ben Levy, I fancy, has no inclination to lay violent hands on *any* thing, but sterling monies, or to admire any face but that of his Majesty,—in truth, my dear, I sincerely feel for you ; for gay men look upon us as only a species of game which they take pleasure in decoying to destroy.

Lady Raymond. Yet, they expect from us, the most perfect rectitude in all our intercourse with them.

Lady Clairville. No wonder so many innocent females have wounded reputations, when at the mercy of those wretches, who glory in defaming them.

Lady Raymond. Thank Heav'n, the law allows damages for us wives being defam'd, but the unmarried are sadly exposed ; it is a pity there were not coroners appointed to examine what reputations are basely murder'd, and which of them die a natural death.

Lady Clairville. Who knows, but we one day may see such a law made, now that we have so able a lawyer at the bar as the benevolent, eloquent Erskine ;—whose delicate feelings of honor, and disinterested generosity, are ever solicitous to enforce justice and right, even where he finds the laws are deficient :—but, my dear, your case only requires that your feelings should not be too much engag'd.

Lady

Lady Raymond. Alas! they are too warmly interested in my Lord's every action—but I forget that I must go to my father.

[*Exit Lady Raymond.*]

Lady Clairville. I wish you much success, my dear.—How wretched I am about my Ormond!—what could tempt him to write to me, desiring me to forget him, as he is now unworthy to become my husband!—he says, honor forces him to renounce me;—what can he mean? Honor—yes, honor dictates his every action—perhaps he too has been ruined at play,—and generosity dictated this cruel letter!—but if so, can he think that my rank or fortune, without him can bestow one charm?—if this is only the *malheur*, I shall be transported to give my all to restore his comfort. I'll fly and send him such a letter as must relieve his embarrassment, and convince him that his Augusta values nothing but his repose.—Oh what joy to be able to prove to him, of what a disinterested, generous attachment the heart of woman is capable!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, Macpharo's Room.

Mrs. Tender, and Macpharo.

Mrs. Tender. Lady Raymond, Lord! how I hate her!—such a piece of prating impertinence! detestable creature!

Macpharo. Faith, but she is a glorious creature for all that,—ah now, by my soul, my dear old Tender, I have been so prudent in this intrigue of ours, that you owe me some reward for not blowing you, and you must assist me in this affair—

Mrs. Tender. What would you have me seduce my friend?

Macpharo. Why you forget where you are now—faith all her husband's shiners will be nothing at all, at all, without a little bit of an affair with her;—besides it will be the surest way to get at him.

Mrs. Tender. [*Patting his Cheek.*] And do you really own your infidelity to me, you dear inconstant wretch?

Macpharo. O my dear creature! now you know from experience that variety is the soul of pleasure;—

D

besides

besides we shall have such fun in telling it, and humbling the pert minx in society—

Mrs. Tender. Well, I will lay a scheme to expose her, if you will give me a thousand pieces, for I do detest her:—mean time do you exaggerate Clara's story,—her Lord's want of generosity, his great losses at play,—then hint that when the money is gone, she may expect every degree of ill usage.—

Macpharo. I'll use the old argument of retaliation—the joys of revenge.

Mrs. Tender. And having a handsome lover, to prevent her from meeting the humiliating pity of a neglected beauty.—Yow know your *cue*, you seducing wretch you ;—And you may depend on it that I will use every art.—

Macpharo. O leave art alone!—Stick by your nature, that is deception enough to cheat the devil :—but then for all her vivacity, she keeps one at such a distance.

Mrs. Tender. But I hope a little of Lady Bonton's doctrine will give her a proper turn, and she won't suspect any thing, for you know every thing is carried on with such *decency* at Bonton house, that one may either stake ones money, or ones virtue, and no one hear of it next day.—

Macpharo. Lady Bonton is so good humoured, we may do as we please *there* you know.—

Mrs. Tender. Lady Raymond will find that she must keep well with the *ton* men, else she will be left out of all fashionable circles.—

Macpharo. You may say that,—for when a woman refuses and offends one of us, we make the doors be shut against her, by insinuation and ridicule.

Mrs. Tender. And though you cannot boast *yourself* of favours,—you talk of her profligacy with others ;—and wonder how any man can pay his court to her !

Macpharo. Faith, this is the surest way to level those rigid ladies, who have such plebeian principles !—we at least blast their reputations, if we cannot undermine their virtue.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tender.—What glory is due to the *exalted* hero who invented this magic spell to level all female reputation, without aiming one blow at their virtue—But we must endeavour to make Raymond jealous of her too!—the morose, sour looks and sulks which jealousy assumes, are the best foils in the world, to set off the gaiety and tender attentions of a lover.

Macpharo. That will be a difficult point faith; for *he* is too much a *Ton* man to mind *her* gallantries.

Mrs. Tender. True, our only plan is to make *her* teize *him* with her anxieties about *his*.—I long to hear of your success; and remember the thousand I'm to have, play or pay.

Macpharo. No, faith, no play, no pay!—so mind your hits.

Mrs. Tender. Oh, I'll do for her: but don't forget to throw in a word of my rigid virtue; a little too austere, or so;—but then such nice principles!—you understand me—I will steal down stairs into my chair.—Adieu, dear Paddy—you know I am only a clear-starcher come for your honor's lace ruffles! ha! ha! ha! [*Puts on a calash, and exit Mrs. Tender.*]

Macpharo. What a fly old toad it is;—but these sort of the devils level all their sex, either by corrupting their principles or detaming their reputations;—and all in virtue of their canting religion—she, like a knowing broker, has sunk all her principal for unlawful interest: [*Takes out his pocket-book.*] By St. Patrick, last night was a rare one!—I made the odds of five thousand by one slip—and now Lady Bonton play, or pay, for the money.—O, faith it is money gives us all the *go* here:—it signifies nothing at all at all, how you came by it.—Rogue or not, 'tis all one in the great world.—Every one has a respectable character, that has the cash; and no character at all, at all, without it.—Oh, then by my soul, leave me alone.—cut, slip, and cog, shall make Paddy Macpharo great as a Prince:—but I must be paid by Lady Bonton, or have *personal* security.—She must also help me to Lady Raymond.—Faith, this woman cannot be such a fool to refuse such a fellow as me—bear with such neglect from Raymond the first

week—and her fortune squandered;—and if I am not mistaken, passion's not a little awakened!—Oh, sure it will do,—now that the bones have failed, she will next try something else. [Exit dancing.]

SCENE, Villers and Lord Ormond lying on a Sofa in his Night Gown and Slippers—pale and disordered, with a Letter in his hand.—

Ormond. Yes, Villiers, I'm undone!—but I have deserved my ruin!—alas! the generosity and tenderness of my Augusta distracts me!—Oh, read her letter to me again, for, alas! I cannot—[Covers his face.] Villiers reads, “That my Ormond could have acted unworthy of his Augusta, I never can believe! No, he is incapable of forgetting what he owes *himself*—” “I can easily imagine, that in some unguarded moment of dissipation, even Lord Ormond's prudence has been duped by gamblers:—but so soon to be master of her fortune, whose soul is already his,—” “surely he cannot refuse to use the enclosed twenty thousand pounds, as his own—for riches have no charms for Augusta, farther than they can purchase peace or pleasure to Ormond.”

Ormond. Alas! Villiers! peace never more can visit my wretched bosom—noble—generous girl!—Oh, I shall run wild with agony!

Villiers. I am lost in wonder—what does she mean?—what do you mean?—

Ormond. Oh! Villiers, I dare not even tell you the fatal story—like a false barbarian, I have sunk in misery her unsuspecting heart;—and for ever ruin'd my own peace of mind!—Oh, the bliss that once was mine

Villiers. When I last saw you, all was transport and fond impatience to make Lady Clairville your wife,—now I find you have propos'd to marry Julia Raymond, and have planted misery in the bosom of the gentle, angelic Lady Clairville.—for Heaven's sake explain this mystery?

Ormond. Oh, I am deservedly wretched! for I'm a villain,—and yet how studious have I ever been to guard my

my impetuous passions, lest they should involve me in dishonour; which my soul abhors.

Villiers. Talk not thus, my friend; sure your mind is affected by your fever!—you a villain!—no!—I too well know your benevolence, and nice sense of honor, to believe it: but what is this mystery?—open your mind to your friend, who has no wish but to serve you.

Ormond. That I must keep this secret from you and my Augusta is my severest pang:—but there are wounds which must rankle in secret, and prey upon the heart.—

Villiers. You torture me to see you thus!—must I then be denied your confidence?

Ormond. You must think me base, inconstant, and contemptible.—Yet, alas! I must be silent?—'tis true, that I'm a monster—but oh, Heaven! must I suffer my Augusta to believe me false?—There's madness in the thought!—

Villiers. Surely it is not true, that you are on the point of marrying Julia, whom you never saw but at Lord Raymond's wedding:—a mere girl at school:—it is a strange affair, for she too seems lost in melancholy ever since!

Ormond. Oh, Villiers! I'm a wretch who brings nought but misery on all connected with me:—too true, Julia is a poor ignorant girl.

Villiers. Bred too at one of those fashionable schools, where only the accomplishments to attract men are taught;—and those principles totally neglected which alone can enable them to guard against our profligate attacks—

Ormond. It is surprising, when every study is to add to their vanity, the most dangerous rock for female virtue, that they should become innocent victims.—I say innocent, because ignorant of the delusions and force of passion.

Villiers. It is true:—and were the principles of females studied half as much as their persons, we should be able to find interesting sensible companions in our wives;—have fewer divorces,—and our young men be less devoted to the follies of St. James's-street:—but

when so sensible of this, how can you think of Julia;—when every perfection, good sense, rectitude of heart and manners can form, may be yours in the accomplished Lady Clairville.—

Ormond. Oh! tear not open my wounds, since it is impossible for me to acquaint you with their cause.—Let me implore you fly to my Augusta!—try to sooth the tumult in her breast:—tell her that I'm unworthy of her!—tell her I'm a villain, sunk even beneath her regret;—since the believing me vile, can only restore a heart, like hers, to tranquillity—For never could she prove inconstant, had I merited her esteem:—but she has a pride of soul, an elevation of sentiment, which will enable her to conquer and suppress every feeling, for an object that proves unworthy of her regard. [*Gives the notes.*] Take these back—tell her I have not lost money;—tell her, in a few days, she will see the perjured Ormond,—the husband of Miss Raymond!

[*Exit Ormond.*]

Villiers And must I paint the man, I from my fancy have so perfectly esteemed, a villain?—no—my Ormond, I must believe still, that you merit more pity than blame!—But I must hasten to the cruel task of giving pain to the feeling heart of the charming Lady Clairville.

[*Exit Villiers.*]

End of the Second Act,

A C T III.

SCENE, *Levy's Room.*

Enter Lady Raymond, sola.

WELL, my dear father is surely very good to give me the money.—I do believe, had I not loved my Lord so tenderly, I might have been happier the wife of an honest citizen;—yet in general, they have such strange antediluvian

antediluvian sentiments—such prejudices, and anxiety about this vile money—it deadens all their sprightly feelings: “Yet how much worse are follies of Fashion?—” “Wou’d to Heaven, they’d only blend their overstock of prudence, with the follies and fopperies of the gay world—they’d both be improved.”—But here comes honest Levy, the Israelite *without guile*.

Enter Levy.

Levy. Your Ladyship’s most humblest servant.

Lady Raymond. I have got a little business for you, Mr. Levy; but you must not tell my Lord.

Levy. Oh, ’pon mine honors, Ben Levy tells nobody—he have de secrets of many great ladies in his hands;—but he never tell de husband.

Lady Raymond. Well then, here are my diamonds, that cost ten thousand pounds:—get paste set in the place of them—sell the diamonds, and lend my Lord the money as from yourself.

Levy. And send de money to what Lord?

Lady Raymond. To Lord Raymond to be sure:—but don’t tell it is *mine*.

Levy. [*Aside*.] Oh, oh! she turn broker on her husband!—he make little of her monies den.—Oh, my Lady, it be bad dealing wit de diamonds, now-a-days, dey sells very bad.—der be great quantity on hand.

Lady Raymond. Pray get as much for them as you can; and here is two thousand more;—he needs both sums—and make him give you his note for it.

Levy. Oh, dat not be de good security.

Lady Raymond. Well, do it as you think right—only don’t mention my name. [*Exit.*]

Levy. Oh! it is very well!—Levy will have a good premium.—She be foolish woman to lend it to her husband—but it be very good for Levy—ver good indeed!

Enter Macpharo.

Macpharo. Well, Levy, my boy—have you lent Raymond the seven thousand I gave you?—I won some more from him last night—here it is:—get me a good premium—and mum—you shall half.

Levy.

Levy. Only de half of it?—Shir, you deals like the Christian—no bowels—but you be good customer—I will ask no more, no more, except de expence of the attorney; and that be one quarter more.

Macpharo. Oh, these attorneys make their *quarters* good wherever they go:—but be sure you give my Lord plenty of money, that I may win it back again.

Levy. Oh, no fear! but it will stitich to my fingers, some how or t'other.—Consider, Shir, de Jew must live as well as de Christian, and have some profit.

Macpharo. [*Aside.*] And if he is paid in proportion to his rascality, he shou'd at least have a hundred per cent. [*Exit,*

Levy. Oh de damn greedy dog!—He wou'd have all from poor Levy, dat get it in an honest way, trusting de monies on de bad securities,—and dis rogue go steal it all from the poor gentleman at gaining.—Oh, dere be sad tives in dis world! [*Exit.*

SCENE. *Lady Raymond's House.*

Macpharo and Lady Raymond.

Macpharo. Positively, Lady Raymond, you are an angel of light; but a most cruel creature.—It is very strange that so lovely a woman shou'd be *angry* at hearing such a truth.

Lady Raymond. [*Laughing*] People, Sir, must have some little consequence with me, before they *can* make me angry. “It requires no such arms, in my opinion, to command silence on a subject which is an insult.”

Macpharo. Ah! now faith, I don't wish to have so much consequence at all, at all, as to *anger* your Ladyship. All I wish is to have enough to *please* you.

Lady Raymond. Do you forget, Mr. Macpharo, that you are Lord Raymond's friend?—My bearing this insult, may tell you that *I* do *not*; but respect *him* in hearing you.

Macpharo. To be sure I am proud of the honor of being his particular friend;—and the best proof I can give him of my friendship, is loving his wife.—Men of fashion are obliged to any one that will amuse their
wives,

wives, so that they be freed from their fondness.—Oh, indeed, now Lady Raymond, you must not be so fond of him, else you'll make poor Clara jealous.

Lady Raymond. Clara!—who is this Clara, pray?

Macpharo. Only his favorite Sultana.—He is very fond of the dear little woman, and to say the truth of it, she is a charming girl;—but he is not generous to females.—If his wife finds him as little so as poor Clara, she had better be after securing a lover to console her. Prithce then, sweet creature, take pity on him who adores—*[Kneels, lays hold of her hand—she struggles.]*

Lady Raymond. Tho' I feel as I ought—this daring insolence, Lord Raymond's sanction silences my reproaches:—Since contempt requires no utterance—but leave me, Sir,—begone!—and till you can respect a woman of honor, never dare to approach me.

Macpharo. Oh, then for pity's sake don't tell my Lord!—He will laugh and jeer me for want of address.—But I *suppose* the Prince of Puppies, Captain Daffodil, has been more successful. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Raymond. Insolent!—but it is beneath me to be moved—know, Sir, that if I don't acquaint Lord Raymond with this insult, it is because I too much despise you, and respect *his safety*.—“Am secure in my own retribution, and never can forget what I owe him and myself, even should he cruelly forsake me.”

Enter Lord Raymond.

Lord Raymond. What is the matter, Fanny? you seem discomposed—has my friend Macpharo been praising hazard, which you so much dislike?

Lady Raymond. My dislike of gaming, my Lord, is only shewn when it teizes you by a bad run;—or when, more selfishly, I repine that your time is so totally devoted to it.

Lord Raymond. Pshaw! Madam, don't expect me to give up play: and as to being at home,—you cannot think how cursedly tired we shou'd be of each other, were we to mope so much together.—Why don't you amuse yourself like other gay women.—You never can want amusement whilst Bonton house is opened to every pleasure.

pleasure. Don't you go to the masquerade to night?—Macpharo and Mrs. Tender will attend you.

Lady Raymond. Mrs. Tender is no friend of mine, my Lord—she defames all my acquaintance,—besides, however grave you may think me, I don't relish a dish of religion by way of an introduction to scandal—but perhaps I may find a smart fellow—and go to the Masquerade, and so become the envy of the women, and a fashionable wife at last.

Lord Raymond (*yawning.*) Ah! pray do. Come, my friend, let us to the club. Seven's the main, my boy!—Good bye, Fan! If you don't disguise yourself very much, perhaps I may have a peep at you at the masquerade.

Macpharo. Oh, you'll be sure to find her out; a man always knows when his wife is near him, by a coldness coming over him.

[*Exeunt Lord Raymond and Macpharo.*]

Lady Raymond. What a monster this Macpharo is!—yet he is a *fashionable friend*. How miserable I am about Clara! Can it be possible he so tenderly loves her? How cold he seemed to me!—When I tried to express an intention of coquetting, he felt it not—perhaps, should I really try it—but no,—that were more ungenerous than to be really guilty. I should equally forfeit his esteem, and destroy his quiet, yet give him no possible chance to get rid of me. A woman, if seduced by passion, is surely less depraved than the wife that only appears to do so, to teize her husband.

Enter Mrs. Tender.

Mrs. Tender. How do you do, my dear Lady Raymond?—You can't imagine how miserable so long an absence from you has made me!—but attending prayers, and a sick friend, has taken up all that time, which (Heaven forgive me) I had almost said, would have been more agreeably devoted to my sweet friend.—Have you seen Lord Ormond to day?

Lady Raymond. No—I can't conceive what is the matter—he acts strangely;—yet he is very amiable.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tender. Yes, if he were of the gay world ; but one meets him no where.

Lady Raymond. Why, he is elegant, nonchalant, and handsome as an Adonis.

Mrs. Tender. Yes ; but he don't distinguish himself with the plumes of fashion ;—he don't lose money at the clubs—has never yet had address enough to get the credit of an affair with a *friend's wife*—never sported a new fashion— or even a mistress in a splendid vis-a-vis. I don't believe the vulgar wretch is even in debt ; and let a man be every thing, charming, and clever, if he don't signalize himself in the annals of Fashion—lord ! one is ashamed to be seen talking to him.— But you seem thoughtful, child ; what's the matter ?

Lady Raymond. Amongst the scandals which you hourly deplore, pray, Mrs. Tender, did you never hear of Lord Raymond and a girl, called Clara ?

Mrs. Tender. Lord ! to be sure, my dear.—But who could tell you a story, which proves your caro sposo so ungenerous ?

Lady Raymond. Macpharo did ; but I assure you with no honorable intention.—Oh ! Mrs. Tender, how false are the friendships of the great world !

Mrs. Tender. Think not so, my dear creature ; The feelings of my heart for *you*, attests its warmth and sincerity.—But in truth, I am free from all its vices. Macpharo, you know, rattles like a dice-box ; and I do believe, seldomer knows what he is going to *say*, than the chance he is about to *throw*.

Lady Raymond. He is a vile fellow ! But who is this Clara ?

Mrs. Tender. Only the wife of one of your Lord's school-fellows, whom he has seduced ; and I am told, she pretends to too much sentiment, to live with him any longer—because he is *now* your Ladyship's husband.

Lady Raymond. Poor girl !—she must have an honest, generous heart.

Daffodil peeps in.

Daffodil. Oh, here they are ! Let me hear what is going on.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tender. And your Lord, angry at her leaving him, has let her depart, without a shilling to keep her from starving.

Lady Raymond. How cruel!—Where is she?—she must not be thus driven by fortune.

Mrs. Tender. A good old gentlewoman, Madame Commode, who lets lodgings, was kind enough to give her an asylum.

Daffodil. A very decent house, to be sure, Madame Commode's!

Lady Raymond. “Ungenerous men! they look on us poor unfortunate females, as devoted victims to their vanity and perfidy, and repaid for ruined peace and honor, by that tenderness which tortures and undoes us.” How I pity her situation!—I will go and relieve her from want, I'm resolved on it.

Daffodil. Aye, do go there, and I will have some rare sport.

Mrs. Tender. Pray do, my dear,—she will tell you all—you had better fix on the hour, and send her notice. [*Aside.*] Then I'll be reveng'd on her pert Ladyship.

Lady Raymond. I'd rather not go as Lord Raymond's wife, as it might distress her.—Will you allow me to use your name?

Daffodil. A very proper one for the place! he, he, he.

Mrs. Tender. By all means—I shall be highly flattered. [*Aside.*] I must speak against her, to avoid being suspected.—But, to protect such characters, is very wrong; it is what religion—

Lady Raymond. Approves,—else one oftener will be cruel, ungenerous, and unjust.

Mrs. Tender. Indeed, when one sees the adoration which is paid to the most avowed frail ones—

Lady Raymond. One is tempted to pity a poor girl, who is abandoned by all, from one step of misguided tenderness, or unguarded virtue, of which they often are only taught the name.

Mrs. Tender. And which they are tempted to believe is but a name, since they see the most profligate
courted

courted and carest when *rich* ; by the keenest persecutors of the virtuous if denied the goods of fortune. [*Aside.*] The devil's in it, if this morality don't make her think me a saint !

Lady Raymond. Possessed of the man of my heart, young, exalted, and able to indulge my natural vivacity, I hoped that I should tread on roses, and breathe nought but innocence and joy :——but now I am convinced, that unmerited reproach may wound the honest heart ; wither every glowing blossom of thoughtless pleasure, and leave behind nought but the thorns of regret.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Daffodil, solus.

Daffodil. This was a most lucky visit to Ma'mselle—had I not learned this, I had no chance of getting Lady Raymond by her conduct to have convinced the world, that I am well with her.—She has no vanity, the only passion which tempts a woman to appearances with men.—I will fly to Madame Commode's, where I will conceal myself ; and her going there, under a borrowed name, will establish it as a certain fact, and every circle will resound with my success.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Music Room, at Lady Clairville's.*

Discovers Lady Clairville and her Maid playing on the Harp, and singing.

Scotch Air. MAID.

- " A gentle dove, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
- " Perch'd trembling on yon myrtle grove,
- " In plaintive notes seek soft relief,
- " Expecting soon to meet her love ;
- " But ah ! false hope ! vain airy shade !
- " Like gaudy glow-worms, brought to light,
- " From sad reality you fade,
- " Your joys for ever shun our sight :
- " You paint in glowing, vivid rays,
- " The charms of love and promis'd bliss ;
- " Fond expectation falsely raise,
- " To sink us deeper in th' abyss.

E

" False

“ False Philomel! gay, fluttering round,
 “ Indulging wild new-born desires;
 “ Unmindful of the bleeding wound
 “ With which her faithful heart expires.”

Enter Trusty and Lady Clairville.

Lady Clairville. Well, Trusty, where is your answer? Have you none—is my Lord well?

Trusty. Yes, my Lady, he is well—but there is no answer.

Lady Clairville. No answer?—Is it possible?

Trusty. No—and I was glad of it—as I suspect it would not have been a pleasant one.—Pardon an old man’s advice—trust him no more, Madam.—A man who deceives me once, it is *his* fault, but if he deceives me twice, it is *mine*.

Enters Villiers, (hastily.)

[Exit Trusty.]

Villiers. I come, anxious for the peace and happiness of Lady Clairville, at the entreaty of Lord Ormond;—Alas! it distresses me to say, I come to tell her of misery and Ormond!

Lady Clairville. If my Ormond is well, why join his name with misery?—Speak, Mr. Villiers—Trusty has alarmed me beyond measure!—What misery can Ormond know, that his Augusta will not be transported to alleviate?

Villiers. I too well know the tenderness which you feel for my friend—wou’d to Heaven it were less!—since fate forbids him to unite himself with *you*!

Lady Clairville. What do I hear? does he then no longer love his Augusta?—Does he repent those vows which seem’d to spring from such feeling tenderness!

Villiers. Too much for his peace, he loves—

Lady Clairville. Has he lost money?—If so, my fortune has no charms for *me*.—Happy with my Ormond—I’ll be content—let him take my all—Sixty thousand, I trust, will clear his debts—and I should pass a solitary life, satisfied in having made happy the man, who so perfectly merits to be so.

Villiers.

Villiers. Generous, noble Lady Clairville, talk not thus, you rend my heart!

Lady Clairville. The happiness that I expected so soon to enjoy, all—every thing, I contented shall resign—

Villiers. Indeed he has had no losses—he bid me restore you those [*gives her notes*] which you so generously sent him.—He bid me—Oh! how shall I pronounce my friend so vile a name!—but, alas! Madam, you must prepare to find him a villain!

Lady Clairville. Ormond a villain?—'tis false!—My Ormond has a heart, the most benevolent that ever blessed humanity!—no deed, no thought e'er sprung from it, could sully his fair honor—no—the vivacity of his passions may have led him to some folly, to which *his* delicacy gives too harsh a name;—but a villain! [*Weeps.*] Oh Heavens! have I liv'd to hear my Ormond called a villain!

Villiers. Be calm, I beg—I have a tale to tell, must force you, even *you*, to own that he's a villain, sunk deep in falsehood and dishonor.

Lady Clairville. [*Calmly.*] If so, he's dead to me for ever—for, so firmly did I revere his truth and honor:—destroy but these, and every feeling of partiality is changed to cold contempt. Oh, speak!—yet do not traduce him—forgive so harsh an expression—but, ah! Villiers! a doubt of Ormond must render all his sex suspected.

Villiers. What, if Ormond should become the husband of another?

Lady Clairville. [*Reflecting.*] The husband of another!—Impossible!—such wanton falsehood is a crime of too black a dye.

Villiers. Yet, to-morrow—to-morrow—he weds the sister of Lord Raymond.

Lady Clairville. It is well—had he acted worthy of my esteem, I ever should, with tender anguish, have deplored his loss—Why then this perfidy?—but I respect myself too much to say more of one, who only merits my contempt.

Villiers. Let me entreat you, palliate my friend's conduct—sure some insanity has involved him in ruin.

Lady Clairville. To court, and win my tenderest confidence—to fix our marriage—and pass whole days in painting future scenes of joy—to weep at every absence—and then laugh at the wretch that his treachery has made—this is worse than being perfidious—it is being a barbarian!

Villiers. Alas! he is most wretched!—your contempt will distract him!

Lady Clairville. Why, why can the deceiver deck with every charm of truth the invenomed falsehood, which, alas! I found nothing in my own heart that could tempt me to suspect, till he thus murdered my peace, with the coolness of an assassin!

Villiers. There must be some strange, cruel mystery—let me implore you not to judge hardly of him.

Lady Clairville. Hush—never more offend my ears by mentioning him—for I must ever hold that person my enemy, that shall name *him* in my presence.—Force me not to express those sentiments which he merits.

Villiers. Pity! oh, pity, and if possible forgive him!

Lady Clairville. My heart is not formed for reproach—Oh, may he never know its value!—else I shall be too much avenged—it is even generous enough to wish him happy;—for the object who has so totally forfeited my esteem, can never awaken in my bosom any emotion:—not even that of resentment.—My tears may flow, to think that I have made such an ingrate—but my soul must ever exult in that probity, which has alone rendered my heart a bleeding victim to his perfidy!

[Exit.

Villiers. What dignity and tenderness!—Oh, Ormond! what can justify such perfidy to her?

[Exit.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Mrs. Tender and Macpharo.

Mrs. Tender. I rejoice, my dear fellow, to have met you, to tell me what you have settled with Lord Bon-

ton.

ton.—Oh, you dear wicked one, we shall make precious mischief!

Macpharo. I have persuaded him, that Clara will yield, if he gets once concealed, so as to pop upon her, when alone:—and he has got the woman she lodges with to promise to conceal him in her chamber at seven o'clock.

Mrs. Tender. Glorious!—and I have persuaded Lady Raymond that she is in a decent woman's house, and the sentimental fool is going to relieve her at seven.

Macpharo. Now, my dear old Tender, go and write the anonymous letter to Lord Raymond, telling that she is to meet her lover at a house of bad fame at that hour.

Mrs. Tender. That I will. Oh, it will charmingly destroy this proud, virtuous minx!

Macpharo. Thou art a dear witch of invention, by my soul!—Now, she surely will be my own after this.

Mrs. Tender. And if not, at least she will be ruined—her high spirit will fire at being accused—when only generously serving him; and she is more than mortal, if resentment don't make her yours. Come, let us hasten to execute our scheme.—But has Lady Bonton paid you the five thousand?

Macpharo. No: yet,—but she has promised it.—I made her a kind offer, and said, I'd excuse it for personal security; but she laugh'd at me; said she knew I did not care two-pence for her; but as to Lady Raymond, that she should be good-natur'd enough always to ask us together.

Mrs. Tender. Well, you'll benefit by that—the Soupées at Bonton House are the best seconds a man can have.

Macpharo. Yes, we have compressed those parties into that particular gay set;—the old, who *cannot* play the fool, and the young who *will not*, are equally excluded; and no female is welcome, except conducted by a favor'd hero.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Club Room.*

Lord Bonton, Captain Daffodil, Macpharo, *and others,*
all seated at tables, playing Hazard, Pbaro, &c.
 Master of the Club.

Daffodil.

I HAVE had duced bad luck ; Macpharo, you win perpetually: pray do you lend me a rouleau.

Macpharo. No, faith ; I am out of cash—I have had a confounded bad run lately.

Daffodil. Waiter, bring me a rouleau.

Master. Hold waiter, only twenty guineas, or at most a pony, for the captain ; I have enough bad debts already.

Lord Bonton. Where the devil is Raymond ? [*throws*] Seven's the main.

Macpharo. I suppose with his wife. [*throws*]

Lord Bonton. I protest, I wonder any man can feel comfortable in his own house.—Whenever I wish to be at home, I always drive to the clubs. Ha, ha, ha !

Daffodil. And yet Lady Bonton is so charming a woman. I really believe, my Lord, you are the only man alive who can desert Bonton house.—Besides she is so vastly good-humour'd ; she, I dare say, will ask any one you like, to render it agreeable to you.

Lord Bonton. Why she is very well, if she was not my wife. But tho' the woman that I wish the most to have is there, still it is impossible for me to conquer my aversion to home. [*Yawns.*] 'Pon my soul the very thoughts of it sets me asleep.

Daffodil. “ [*Appears much agitated at play.*] La !
 “ all my money is gone again ; pray, my Lord, lend
 “ me a few pieces.”

Lord Bonton. “ I have lost all my ready cash too,
 “ Daffy.”

Macpharo.

Macpharo. Faith, Daffy, my-boy, you must console yourself with your success in love; how do you come on with Lady Raymond?

Daffodil. As fast as I can wish.—Those city-bred dames have few ceremonies.—I really believe that I shall be forced to cut her soon—for the Duchesses of Dash and all my set are quite angry that I am such a deserter.—But as I have initiated her in the *Ton*, it will prove less cruel to her.

Macpharo. Oh! then she will soon come round amongst us; but, by my soul, here comes her Lord.—

Enter Lord Raymond.

Ha! Benedick!—I thought that you had been taking a nap in your Lady's great chair: quite domesticated like the family cat.

Lord Raymond. Very unlike me, faith.—I have been in quest of Clara, who has eloped,—and I cannot discover where the devil she has concealed herself.—She talked in a high style about the dishonour of living with me, now that I'm married; and cash is so low, I could give her nothing.

Daffodil. Oh, it would have been very foolish to have settled any thing on her, since she chose to leave you.—I warrant she is gone to some one she likes better.—He, he, he!

Lord Bonton. Raymond, when is your sister to be married?

Lord Raymond. 'Pon my life, I'm so much hurried, that I've never had time to ask.

Daffodil. I hear Ormond has a very awkward affair on his hands with Lady Clairville.

Macpharo. Sure he may be tired of her by this time:—It is a year since that affair began.

Daffodil. Faith she is a glorious girl:—I past some of the happiest moments of my life with her, at Tunbridge.

Lord Raymond. So, you have been a happy man, Daffy.—Will you recommend me?

Ent.

Enter Villiers.

Daffodil. La! I can never take any notice of a woman—but every one supposes that I am well with her.—Villiers, your present affair seems to be Lady Wor-thy. He, he, he!

Lord Bonton. I doubt that; for I never could make any thing of her: she is so froide. As unfeeling as marble, and so confoundedly knowing it is impossible she could be taken in.—

Villiers. You give her no credit for her honour then?—You depraved fellows put no faith in female virtue—You suppose all women either profligates—or if chaste,—chaste for want of inclination.

Lord Bonton. Why, faith, if there are any other sort of women, I never met with any of them. Ha, ha, ha!

Macpharo. And by the Lord Harry,—if there are,—the greater fools they, for no one *now-a days* will give them any *credit* for it.

Villiers. [*To Lord Bonton.*] Perhaps not, because a gay man thinks nothing so tedious as the company of a woman that will not play the fool;—and tho' she should have the wit, beauty, and accomplishments of an angel, they look on it as so much lost time paying court to her.

Daffodil. La! to be sure nothing is so horribly mortifying as to pay attention to those sort of women.—I never do for my part.

Villiers. That's as much as to say, that you are well with every woman that you are seen with.

Daffodil. With a heroine of sentiment and virtue I should be terrified to get attached—and that would be a devilish foolish scrape indeed. He, he, he!

Lord Bonton. Attached! that would be silly enough. Ridiculous! Ha, ha, ha!

Macpharo. In love! What nonsense! Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Raymond. Foolish enough, faith! Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Bonton. Being in love. Why it is as ideal as that there exist such women. Ha, ha, ha!

Daffodil.

Daffodil. Yet both parties find it very convenient sometimes to assume the appearance. He, he, he!

Macpharo. There is no one such thing in reality exists, however, on either side, except in a fanciful poet, or madman's brain. *[All laugh.]*

Daffodil. Waiter, bring the list of the women of fortune who want husbands.

Lord Bonton. Oh! there is nothing new on the fortune list but little Miss Dapper.

Daffodil. Oh! there is nothing new on the fortune list but little Miss Dapper.

Daffodil. And she has only thirty thousand; that's far below my purchase.

Macpharo. Faith, and there is Miss Dolly, who has a plumb.

Lord Bonton. Yes; but she refused poor Daffy at Brighton.

Daffodil. That was because she only saw me once;—for I was always with the Dutches of Dash—She would not lose sight of me for a moment.

Lord Bonton. Saw you once! that was a miracle if she did,—for I'm told she is blind; and well she may, for she is past seventy: but the less seen of you the better.

Villiers. Sure no one would marry a low-born creature, worn out with age and infirmity—because a fool has left her an enormous fortune?

Daffodil. She is good enough to make a wife of—What signifies it whether she is in person an angel or a devil?

Lord Bonton. Very true, Daffy—A man of sense marries for convenience—and only as far as it is convenient thinks of his wife afterwards. Ha, ha, ha!

Villiers. One cannot wonder then at these ladies, who seem indifferent about their conduct, since they find it a matter of such indifference to their lords.

Lord Bonton. If one's wife is good humour'd, and has some variety in her; why a man may be led to have a little kindness for her, when every thing better is out of the way:—but, mercy on us, Villiers, you would not have a man of Ton, like a vulgar mechanic, regularly

gularly attend prayers and the duties of matrimony.
Ha, ha, ha!

Daffodil. Shocking vulgar, indeed!

Macpharo. Very vulgar faith:—If they did, we single fellows should have nothing for it, but to take *wives of our own.* Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Bonton. Come, come; let us settle our match, for five thousand on the race between the two ear-wigs.

Lord Raymond. I bet my brown against your black for a thousand.

Lord Bonton. Done.

Macpharo. I take the same bet, Raymond.

Lord Raymond. Done

Macpharo. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my soul then, I'll put a little wax on his road, that will stiffen his legs a bit. Come, let us go to the Jockey Club, settle our bets, and see what's in for Newmarket.

[*Exeunt all but Villiers.*]

Villiers. What contemptible wretches give the Ton in the beau monde! fellows who call themselves your dearest, most faithful friends—yet pass their whole time in studying your ruin—how to dupe you out of your peace of mind and fortune—and to profess an interest in you, only to get into your family upon an intimate footing, that they may the more easily seduce your wife or daughter, and render you a beggar. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Room.

Lady Bonton, Lady Raymond, and Mrs. Tender.

Lady Raymond. Alas! I fear that I shall be tempted to regret, that I slighted my honest father's advice to marry a sober citizen.—I doated upon Lord Raymond, and fancied that we should live a tender, social, and domestic life.

Lady Bonton. Pray, my dear, did you mean to get to Greenland to live?—for I do believe nothing but some such situation would make a fine gentleman take to his wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady

Lady Raymond. Heavens forbid that I should leave the gay world! I don't dislike admiration: gaiety and parade delight me, but—

Lady Bonton. Still harping on the same *string*: *wbining* after your husband:—You must learn to enjoy that gay world without him.—I must teach you to act your part well in it:—not like an actress to *feign* feelings, but to appear in the beau monde totally divested of them.

Lady Raymond. My mother was a woman of rank, but she possessed none of those vices; and in giving me a turn for polite life, fondly cherished in my soul that love of virtue, which, when once it is rivetted in the heart, no surrounding temptations ever can destroy.

Mrs. Tender. My dear, those once were the manners: now your virtue, as far as it consists in reputation, the envy of the women and disappointed coxcombs speedily destroy.

Lady Bonton. True, for one often finds that the men get credit for gallantries in which the ladies' conduct has no part.

Mrs. Tender. Yes, young Phaeton has got all the world to credit his having an intrigue with Lady Sang Froide, from this sort of manœuvring.

Lady Raymond. What! without her having done any thing to justify the scandal?—how is that possible?

Lady Bonton. La, child, very, very easy;—fine gentlemen are far more desirous of the appearance, you know, than the reality of a *bonne fortune*; and will at all times sacrifice the reality for the appearance of success.

Lady Raymond. But how is it possible to be so silly as to have the appearance so decidedly without the reality?

Lady Bonton. Why, you see young Phaeton, when he has any thing to say to her, assumed a half-tender, reserved sort of a something in his air—seems all meaning—thus:— [*wbispering.*] Shall I call your ladyship's carriage?—then looking down—and languishing—Pray, are those flowers natural? Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Raymond. What a puppy! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady

Lady Bonton. But he puts on such looks, that all the world sets it down as an appointment made, or at least an assurance that he dies all deaths to obtain one.

Lady Raymond. And this is all the ground they generally have for suspecting women!—Is this the mighty crim. con. so much talked of? Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Tender. Hold, my dear,—there is a great deal more:—a whole system of conduct to make it *seem* real.

Lady Bonton. Yes, when she goes any where, then the make-believe *Enamorado* attends—keeps a mark'd distance—has the eye ever upon her, in such a manner as to call the attention of every one.—He never speaks to any other woman, or even to her but by *stealth*.

Mrs. Tender. And the poor lady, you know, can't save appearances in this case, as he takes care to do nothing that she can find fault with.

Lady Bonton. No, no; he for more reasons than one avoids any thing of that sort.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Raymond. And yet, were any one to say a word against her in his presence, he assumes a grave, angry air, as if she was in a particular manner his protégée.

Lady Bonton. And when any one hints a connection with her, he denies it as one denies a truth, with an—Oh no such thing—I flatter myself no one she had a greater regard for;—but consider, my dear friend, how cruel it would be to make my Lord jealous—and awaken the world's attention, which we fortunately have avoided hitherto.—Now pray keep people as ignorant as possible of the affair—you sly wretch! to be so knowing!—but don't blab now. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Raymond. Ha, ha, ha! The monster!—Why this is absolutely giving rise to the story, and authenticating it.

Lady Bonton. Yet this is pretty near all the cause which beaux give for the scandals one hears every day.

Mrs. Tender. Pardon me, though some of the beaux of fashion speculate in this way, yet there are some very sly fellows, and wickedness enough goes on I warrant.

warrant.—Had it not been for Lady Bonton's *savoir faire*—we should have had four right honourable divorces last winter.

Lady Bonton. Perhaps you mean to be severe, Mrs. Tender, but I an't ashamed to be taxed with the concealing the follies of my own sex; for no character I so much detest as that malevolent one which is ever on the fret to destroy the confidence of the married, and the reputation of the single.

Lady Raymond. A censorious character can never be truly virtuous.

Lady Bonton. I am the last creature alive that would plant suspicion in your candid mind; but indeed, my dear, you must not be so feeling, reflecting, and all that sort of tiresome stuff; if you continue to be such a piece of still life, your caro sposo will absolutely look on himself as a widower, and that your ladyship no longer exists:—Nothing is such an enemy as *sober sentiment* to those who are married, and live in the whirl of fashion.

Mrs. Tender. Men absolutely look on us in the chain of animals, as inferior to dogs and horses.

Lady Raymond. Yes, but they don't even chuse a wife with such care as they do dogs and horses—and value them for spirit, figure and training.

Mrs. Tender. No, they chuse their wives for what they bring to market, as mere beasts of burden.

Lady Raymond. And if a favorite foal turns out well and escapes having a false *quarter*, every wish is gratified; yet they are quite indifferent who looks after the quarters of their son and heir.

Mrs. Tender. They think themselves ill-used, however, if their wives do—or if they, following the superior judgment of their lords, also prefer the brute creation, and cherish the increase of horned cattle. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Bonton. When a husband has no other idea or feeling in his head but of hounds and horses—some wives are wicked enough to think, that like their kennel doors—they cannot have a *more natural ornament* than a pair of antlers outside. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs.

Mrs. Tender. Why in truth, there are a number one could name, who, except their coronets, have no other capital distinction. Ha, ha; ha!

Lady Raymond I shall never have any thing to reproach myself with; and that feeling will supply me every comfort; "it will cheer my saddest moments of disappointment, and guard each lively sally of my sportive mind." But I forget I have an appointment I must keep, at seven o'clock; I fear I shall be too late. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Tender. An appointment with a lover I'll be sworn, for all her air of purity.

Lady Bonton. It is not impossible, from her haste; but I'll not detain you, Madam. *[Exeunt curtsying.]*

SCENE, Clara's Room, Clothes Press, &c.

Enter Lord Bonton.

Lord Bonton. This is the room I was desired to hide in. I shall be charmed if this saucy little puss, Clara, approves of my stratagem,—but here comes somebody. *[Steps into one side of the clothes press.]*

Enter Daffodil.

Daffodil. Where can I conceal myself till Lady Raymond comes? *(Looks about and opens the press t'other side.)* I'll e'en step in here, and trust to fortune for an opportunity of coming forth with all the *eclat* of having been with her prudish Ladyship. Oh, charming! I shall have my caricature in all the print shops, and amuse the Ton Ladies for a week in describing a thousand luxuriant scenes and anecdotes which never existed—but here they come.

[Steps in, and shuts the door.]

Enter Clara, and Lady Raymond (as Mrs. Tender.)

Clara. I have often heard, Mrs. Tender, of your rigid virtue; O! how benevolent to stoop to rescue an unfortunate, overwhelmed in guilt and shame!

Lady Raymond. I cannot bear that an unhappy female, who has been hurried by unguarded tenderness, or perhaps, an artful seducer, to one crime, should be driven

driven to infamy, by stern necessity. I wish not to possess that rigour of virtue, which tempts us to add insult to a fallen Penitent; and tho' my heart must ever shun each vice, never can it be divested of compassion, and a desire to rescue from shame, its repentant votaries.

Clara. Did all act thus, virtue would seldomer be sunk in depravity. How many poor girls, from one false step, from base seductions, which situation has rendered irresistible, and sometimes from only the appearance of guilt, are driven, by the hardened favourites of fortune, to the most abhorred situation, to rescue them from want, beggary, and a jail!

Lady Raymond. I wish not to wound your feelings by any question of your unhappy story, but have you no friends that I can interest in your fate?

Clara. Alas! friendless and forlorn, the only hand that was stretched forth to aid me, cruelly made my gratitude, and sense of his liberality, the means of ruining that peace which he falsely seemed solicitous to protect.

Lady Raymond. What art thou, tyrant man! who thus dare destroy us by such cruel arts; of which unsuspecting innocence renders us the too easy dupes!

Clara. Quite unpractised in the voice of deceit, I judged him after the purity of my own heart, which cou'd not suspect that the man, who cou'd, with such apparent humanity, relieve my distresses, wou'd barbarously plunge me in infamy for ever.

Lady Raymond. Ungenerous, merciless man! But have you no relations?—no friends?

Clara. I had a beloved friend; a kind, a much-loved husband—But now, alas, am friendless and forlorn.

Lady Raymond. Tell me, how came you to leave him for another, and yet so fondly love him?

Clara. We married from the tenderest attachment, and but for my Edward's love of play, I still might have been happy: but alas! that one vice, like a tempestuous torrent, roots up every honest feeling from the heart, and excludes all hope of happiness from the wedded state.

Lady Raymond. [*Aside.*] Oh, Raymond, Raymond! think on this truth.

Clara. He lost his all at play: he paid his debts of honor with that liberality which dictated all his conduct, but left his honorable, needy debt unsatisfied. He forgot the honest tradesman and labourer, who, exasperated, threw him into jail:—frantic with his distress, I, with my lovely boys, followed him to sooth his sorrow, and partake his miseries; “we had not been long there, “when the trifle which we had about us was exhausted. “The bad air made my infants sick.” [*Weeps.*]

Lady Raymond. Poor little innocents! how cruel their situation!

Clara. “I felt more anguish than even hunger “caused in seeing those beloved objects *starving.*” Every time the gates of our horrid dungeon were unlocked, “and gave a doleful creak at opening.” My heart leapt with the hope that some hospitable hand was stretched forth to relieve our perishing wants. But our jailor, grown callous from our inability to pay, was deaf to our cry of anguish.

Lady Raymond. It is a melancholy truth, every day sees some wretched object thus miserable from unmerited misfortune, that ought to command relief from humanity. But riches, dissipation and success, from never having witnessed such scenes, forget that they exist.—Yet, what honour would it secure the great Ladies, did they give to a charitable purse, to be expended in relieving such unfortunates, one throw at the hazard-table!

Clara. True, Madam; but the happy seldom reflect! “Oh, had you seen my little blooming boy, “when perishing, with its little wan face looking up to “ours, transfixed with horror! and when we wept “in silent anguish, he cried, Papa, dear Mamma, “what distresses you thus? Why, Oh! why don’t “you give me to eat? Indeed, indeed, I shall die. “Alas! we had it not to give, and the drooping innocent murmuring at our seeming cruelty, fainted and “expired.”

Lady

Lady Raymond. "How hard your fate! with what
"merciless cruelty the law seconds the inhuman creditor,
"in persecuting the unfortunate when unable to pay!"
but proceed—my heart bleeds for you.

Clara. We were overwhelm'd in sorrow; at last my
Edward got liberated on paying those cruel ones that
had imprisoned him, which stript us of every thing.
Lord Raymond procured him an appointment in India—
He cou'd not pay my passage, and, I, with my infant,
were left behind, till increase of fortune should enable
him to send for me. The last ships brought me the
melancholy account of his death. Lord Raymond, li-
berally furnished necessaries which I cou'd not refuse for
the support of my child.

Lady Raymond. [*Agitated.*] Oh, proceed! How
few of the soulless Lords of the Creation are capable of
disinterested attachment, or any sacrifice for the repose
of another!

Clara. My heart is grateful to excess: and fatal op-
portunity with that freedom, which I feared to deny
the only benefactor of my husband, led me insensibly on
the brink of dishonor. (*weeps*)—Remorse has haunted
me ever since the fatal moment of my ruin. Alas! I
could not think he could be so cruel as to make my honor
the price of his bounty. (*weeps*)

Lady Raymond. How was this friendship degraded
by this ungenerous triumph o'er your virtue! a triumph
perhaps only rendered possible by excess of gratitude!
awakened by a false parade of sentiment and honor, to
so exquisite a degree, that it disarmed the victim he thus
cruelly destroyed.

Clara. Hearing of his marriage I fled from him;
for I'd brave every misery, prefer poverty and scorn to
the destroying the repose of another.

Lady Raymond. Such generosity of sentiment has
proved your ruin, and I trust will restore you to honor
and peace.—He has left you without any money I'm
told?

Clara. His displeasure at my leaving him, must have
caused this want of generosity.

Lady Raymond. For your infant's sake, look on me as your protectress; there is a hundred guineas, which I shall pay you annually, and I hope I shall be able to pass my word that the purity of your conduct shall equal the probity of your heart; which may yet bestow on you a long life of comfort.

Clara. (*Kissing her hand*)—I shall be most happy, thus protected.—Alas! Lord Raymond, like most of his ungenerous sex only triumphed to tyrannize; but I trust he will prove worthy of the amiable wife—that every voice is raised in praises of: may she—but hark! I heard his voice on the stairs. How has he discovered my retreat!

Lady Raymond. For mercy's sake, hide me; else I'm undone!

Clara. Indeed, Mrs. Tender, he is not so very illiberal, as to think the worse of you for pitying even a wretch like me.

Lady Raymond. Oh! have you no closet? alas! you know not the cruel risk that I run.

Clara. Here is no place but this clothes-press.

(*Lady Raymond opens the side of the Press in which Lord Bonton is concealed, who steps out—Lady Raymond starts, looks at Clara with contempt and says.*)

Lady Raymond. I perceive I have been deceived, but necessity now compels me to conceal myself.

Clara. Lord Bonton here! Heavens, what has tempted you thus meanly to insult me?

Lord Bonton. Love, my fair one; all powerful love, I wished to see you, unknown to Raymond.

Clara. I have too well merited this humiliation; but I must fly from him, my still more cruel enemy.

(*As Clara goes to rush out at another door,*)

Enter Lord Raymond.

Lord Raymond. Stay, Madam, have I caught you?

Clara. Oh, my Lord! why thus pursue me?

Lord Raymond. [*Amaz'd*] What Clara here!

Clara.

Clara. Why thus distress me by a conduct which must now prove us equally unworthy! Alas—when your honor cou'd not suffer, I but too easily forgot my own.

Lord Raymond. Talk not of honor in this house of infamy, and with My Lord Bonton. You have fled with him from my arms to this scene of infamy, yet talk of honor; but, Madam, I came not here in quest of you, but that Monster my wife, who they told me was in this room

Clara. Be calm, my Lord, I never saw your wife [*aside*] what can he mean?

Lord Raymond. (*Looks all round, then opens both sides of the Press—discovers Lady Raymond and Captain Daffodil.*) Damnation! My wife and Captain Daffodil!

Clara. Heavens! is this Angel, Lady Raymond!

Lord Raymond. Heavens! is this Devil, Lady Raymond!

Lady Raymond. For once, my Lord, restrain the impetuosity of your temper, and listen.

Lord Raymond. To a defence your Ladyship had no doubt prepared, before you came here.

Clara. Don't misjudge her angel purity; she has seen none but me: the sound of your voice made her conceal herself.

Lord Raymond. Seen no one! oh, very likely; she was perhaps all the time as I found her, in a place where her sense of seeing could not so well be gratified. Your Ladyship has indeed soon perfected yourself in modern manners; soon adopted the vices of the Ton—and with a fool too: oh, damnation! what depravity it shews!—As for you, Sir, (*to Daffodil*) I shall speak to you in a proper place.

Daffodil. (*Terrified*) I protest and vow, my Lord, I'm as innocent as the babe unborn, I never even attempted to injure you.

Lord Bonton. Yes, my Lord, I can swear all he wished he succeeded in—that was, to come forth with the eclat of being secreted with her Ladyship. Don't look so terrified, Daffy. Ha, ha, ha! don't be so cast down;—you shall be made happy by a caricature in the print-shops, and you need not doubt, but the

Ladies

Ladies will invent some interesting circumstances. Ha, ha, ha!

Daffodil. Make me as risible a figure as you please in the print-shops; but as I don't like first impressions, or a proof copy, I shall take myself off. He he, he!

Lord Raymond. [To Lady Raymond] What still silent—not once attempt a vindication?—hardened, profligate woman!

Lady Raymond. [Stepping forth haughtily.] And dare you suspect my honor? had you, my Lord, been as careful of your own, I had not been forced to this concealment. Those gentlemen's appearance astonish me more than it can you—but all explanations are beneath me, when thus accused.

[Exit Lady Raymond.]

Clara. I knew not this was Lady Raymond, I thought it had been Mrs. Tender.

Lord Raymond. Oh, Tender! indeed! but to my eternal shame and sorrow, it is my damn'd false wife; who till this moment I never knew I loved to distraction.

Clara. Alas! I never suspected that this house was a vile one. Will none aid the wretched but from unworthy motives! but look into your own heart, my Lord, does your conduct justify this suspicion which your depravity alone dictates?—I hope, for the honor of nobility, that Lord Bonton has a better excuse for his unmanly concealment;—as for Captain Daffodil, his excuse and aim is to be found in his character, which is a nothing,

Lord Bonton. “Why faith, Raymond, this appears
“a strange affair; but pray come with me to the club,
“and I will give you an account of what has passed that
“will make you deify your charming wife.”

Lord Raymond. “Ah! what can ever vindicate her
“folly? above all, with such a thing as Daffodil!”

Lord Bonton. “Oh, I will prove to you her inno-
“cence. As for me I shall rejoice at this adventure as
“long as I live—for your wife's generosity, and poor
“Clara's sentiments, have made me a convert to virtue,
“which had we men of fashion more opportunity of
“attesting

"attesting the reality of, few of us would be so devoted
"to the follies of fashion."

Lord Raymond. "No wonder we should give ~~in~~
"existence as little credit as we do miracles; would you
"believe it, in looking in this vile house for my wife, I
"found Mrs. Tender?"

Lord Bonton. "Oh, she is the most likely character
"alive for artful vice:—such a precise, nice sense of
"honor and religious cant on her lips;—these prudish
"ones I always suspect. Innocence is gay, sportive
"and open—come to White's, and I'll make you laugh
"at poor Daffodil's plot to get himself talked of: you
"could not suppose such a coxcomb had a wish be-
"yond it."

Lord Raymond. "Yes, she must be virtuous—every
"circumstance attests it; but how shall I be able to
"justify my conduct to her? or you your being with
"Clara?"

Lord Bonton. "Oh your wife is an Angel, and will
"pardon all."

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Villiers and Ormond.

VILLIERS.

YES, Ormond, the lovely Julia Raymond sent for
me, and, with tears of anguish, bade me tell you, that
she is gone to a Convent, from whence she is determined
never to return.

Lord

Lord Ormond. Cursed ill-fated hour! in which I madly sullied her angel purity.

Villiers. She said she would be inhuman to suffer the noble generosity of your soul, to ruin your repose in order to establish *her own*. Her heart is too replete with sensibility ever to be happy *as your wife*.

Lord Ormond. O, what a treasure! that heart had been guarded by a fond parent, directing her infant steps from folly, and seconding that love of virtue, which nature implanted in her bosom, but which the errors of education have rendered a source of misery, that, from the very morning of her days, has obscured every hope of happiness.

Villiers. Most pathetically she repined at being robbed of such a protection—to have saved her from a situation that has overwhelmed her in shame—Whilst her heart is uncorrupted—Ormond! Ormond! Why did you render such an innocent *thus wretched*, when the world is filled with willing wantons?

Lord Ormond. Freely I own, and severely repent my crime. Gracious Providence! Did I ever think I could so far forget myself as to be such a villain!

Villiers. I feel most sincerely for you both.

Lord Ormond. Oh! fly to her,—tell her, in spite of my doating tenderness for Lady Clairville, I will repair *her* wrongs, let misery be the fate of Ormond.

Villiers. That now is impossible—she is fled to solitude—penitence—and sorrow:—She bade me desire you to confide her ill-fated story to Lady Clairville.

Lord Ormond. No, no, never will I expose the suffering innocent.

Villiers. She said the woman who merits your heart must have a soul above abusing such a confidence, and must doubly adore your exalted sentiments. But the soul of Julia Raymond is too noble ever to have consented to your union, when opposed not only by difference of religion,—but the sacrifice of your honour.

Lord Ormond. Noble, exalted girl! of what heroic conduct is not the feeling soul of woman capable!

Villiers.

Villiers. Yes, were there half the pains bestowed on improving their minds, which are employed in rendering their persons seducing.

Lord Ormond. Alas! I tremble for her future peace!

Villiers. She wept,—she blest,—but did not once reproach you.—[She said] She'd be consoled by thinking, that in renouncing the world she secures *your* peace—and vowed that every prayer, which she addressed to the Deity, to whom she dedicated her future days, should implore blessings on Ormond and Augusta.

Lord Ormond. I cannot bear that such a soul should be immured in a convent.

Villiers. Much, I fear, that nothing but telling Lady Clairville, Julia's story, will ever tempt her to pardon you.

Lord Ormond. I will not tell it—and yet, that she should think me a perjured villain, I cannot bear.

Villiers. I promised Julia, that if you would not inform her, that I myself would.

Lord Ormond. Well, I must tell her myself—Will you try to persuade her to go to the masquerade to-night?—there I may approach her when unknown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Tender, Macpharo, Villiers, and Daffodil.

Daffodil. [*Laughing.*] I positively don't believe one word of that marriage.

Mrs. Tender. Well, I do, for men, when they cannot play the rogue, will play the fool—ha, ha, ha!—But have you heard of the sad affair which has happened to my poor friend, Lady Raymond?

Daffodil. [*Aside.*] Oh, now I shall enjoy the being roasted so much. He, he, he!

Villiers. Ha! what has happened?

Mrs. Tender. Only caught in a house of notorious fame, locked up with Lord Bonton, [*Aside.*] I trust they don't know of my unlucky detection.

Macpharo. Faith, you may say that, locked in his arms.

Villiers.

Villiers. This is true; I know her honor too well ever to doubt it.

Mrs. Tender. Oh, no one can doubt its existence, since she has deposited it in the hands of so many witnesses. [Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Daffodil. Lord, they don't know that it was *me*; I must tell it—Oh, yes, I will.

Villiers. She is all innocence, but it is only such characters that awaken malice

Macpharo. 'Pon my conscience now, I think it not probable that she went *there*, for nothing at all, at all; and as for defamation, I think it is *you* who defame Bonton, by supposing that she preserved her purity in such a situation.

Villiers. If she was in such a situation.

Daffodil. But be assured, that all of you are misinformed, to my certain knowledge, He, he, he!

Mrs. Tender. Sir, I must be right; I had it from one who was present.

Villiers. Pray, what were the consequences of the detection?

Mrs. Tender. The usual ones, *impudence* on the part of her Ladyship; *rage* on that of her Lord, and fresh business for Doctors Commons.

Macpharo. Pho, pho! there you are out of the story again. Raymond was not so vulgar as to be in a rage; no, no; he, like a man of fashion, asked pardon for intruding, said he had mistaken the room, hoped to see Bonton at dinner, and singing—Trumpete, trumpete, tra, tra, tra. He walked coolly down stairs.

Daffodil. All a mistake. He, he, he! if you will force me to speak, I will tell you, for it soon will be known. 'Pon my soul it was vastly unfortunate—He, he, he!—But it was *I* who was detected with Lady Raymond.

Macpharo. You; no, no, Daffy; *this* is one of your own puffs, my boy.

Daffodil. I vow that it is true. I chanced to be with Lady Raymond in a room at Madame Commode's when that old blundering fellow, Bonton, chose that very time and place to pay his court to Clara. Lord Raymond,

Raymond, who, you know, is too fashionable to be jealous of his *wife*, or desirous of meeting *her*; was in quest of his *mistress*: and by ill luck he stumbled upon us in the most ridiculous situation shut up in a clothes press—He, he, he!

[*Omnes.* Is it possible!

Mrs. Tender. And there is his sister, Miss Raymond, —she is gone off to a convent, her friends say; but we know better.

Daffodil. To a convent! Oh, she has a handsome groom of the chambers with her, I warrant.

Villiers. This is pure malice; every syllable false.

Mrs. Tender. Most probably it is so, for the vile world is so illnatur'd, I don't believe half what I hear.

Villiers. Madam, Madam! it were a wicked world indeed, if one believed half what you say.

Mrs. Tender. In truth, I only repeat what I hear, to gain information; Heaven knows, I pity the poor things: but I hope the slur will now be cleared up between Ormond and Lady Clairville.

Daffodil. Oh, that in a little time will speak for itself. He, he, he!

Mrs. Tender. Ha! I thought there was a cause for the long cloak last time I saw her.

Villiers. [To *Daffodil.*] Sir, I desire you may never more dare to mention that Lady's name. When such things as thou art suffered to prate, no wonder characters thus bleed.

Macpharo. Hold, Villiers; you know, Sir, killing is his trade.

Villiers. And the murdering female reputation, all the slaughter he has ever committed.

Macpharo. Faith, I do believe it is the only way by which Daffy has ever signalized himself. Ha, ha, ha!—But sure you can't, at least accuse him of using *sharp weapons*.

Villiers. No, his wit has no point.

[*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Macpharo. By the Lord Harry, he minds me of firing with an empty pistol; he aims, but cannot hit.

Villiers. If he has no joke in his conversation, at least his character and figure afford one every where.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
Daffodil. Lord, Sir, how vastly rude!—there would be an end of all polite conversation, if one dared not repeat private anecdotes.

Villiers. These pestilential recorders of scandal are not to be endured. *[Exit Villiers.]*

[Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Tender. But let us go inquire after the Raymonds, and hasten to the masquerade, to caution society against these profligate, unprincipled creatures! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, Lord Raymond's.

Enter Lord Raymond and Levy.

Levy. Don't be in such gran passion, my Lord, if not pay de monies.

Lord Raymond. How much do I owe that villain Macpharo?—He was detected at the club slipping a card, and my resentment led me to be the first to turn him down stairs; he sneeringly bid me prepare to pay him instantly the money which I borrow'd through you.—I feel degraded by being the debtor of such a fellow: yet how can I pay him, I am totally undone!

Levy. O, de damn dog to cheat the gentleman so! Oh, it be sad, terrible times!—der be no honesty; nobody to be trusted.

Lord Raymond. Pray, was the twelve thousand I last had of you, from him?

Levy. No, no, Shir, you only owes him one five thousand; it be another correspondent of mine dat lend dat monies.

Lord Raymond. What correspondent?—Tell me who I am the *slave* of! speak instantly, or expect no mercy. *[Follows him passionately.]*

Levy. Ah, Shir, would you have me betray de name of my correspondent? You not be entitled to know de name of de lender—de borrower only have de right to see dat he get de sterling monies—No, no, Ben Levy be honorable, be true to his word.

Lord

Lord Raymond. [*Shaking him.*] You substitute! decoy-duck? stone-eater! slow-poison! tell me instantly the name, or else I'll put you to death.

Levy. Ah, Shir! hold, spare my life, it is not insured, have mercy on me!—It be A. B. who lend demonies.

Lord Raymond. A. B.!—What A. B.?

Levy. Your wife — [*Aside.*] Vat shall I say for de premium which I told him de Lender insisted upon? Ah, poor Levy be in sad taking!

Lord Raymond. [*Amaz'd*] My wife!

Levy. Yes, she make me sell her diamondsh to get monies for you, and she wanted no more den the personal securities; but, me tought she cou'd make noting of dat, and as de principal vas all gone, I secure for her double interest; but she not know dis: all she ask me vas to keep it secret, and now you force me to tell.

Lord Raymond. Is it possible she should be so generous, so forgiving! There—there is the five thousand! Hasten to pay Macpharo, and pardon my violence, Levy; I was out of humour with the world; but I must fly to seek my lovely wife. [*Exit.*]

Levy. Oh, dear! how many would be happy to have such a wife, few husbon would complain if they give dem only di horn of plenty. Every body be greedy, avaricious dogs, but poor little Levy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Lady Raymond's House.

Lady Raymond sola.

How completely wretched am I! Why, why did I marry the man I fondly loved? Hard—hard is *her* fate, who is forced to despise the object of her fond affection! Who forfeits her confidence! loads her with unjust suspicions, renders her the jest of his merciless sex, and insulted by the scorn of those of her own, who know not half *her* purity and truth! Yet alas! how well have I justified this insult: Oh! till now, I never thought it requires even more the appearance of virtue in society,

than in *reality*! Yet, the open, honest heart never thinks thus till it is too late.

Enter Lord Raymond.

[*Lady Raymond, looks cold and haughty.*]

Lord Raymond. Can my amiable Fanny pardon a sincere penitent?

Lady Raymond. Can you pardon yourself, my Lord, for supposing me capable of having deviated from what I owe my *duty*, however little you may feel yourself entitled to from my love?

Lord Raymond. Oh! never, never can I forgive myself, and your just reproaches will distract me.

Lady Raymond. Alas, my Lord! you have none to fear. Those tears of anguish which your unkindness caused, I never obtruded on your sight—yet secretly in my heart all their bitterness preyed unuttered, and unpitied.

Lord Raymond. Oh, my Fanny! remorse, tenderness, and gratitude render my feelings inexpressible. Alas! in this moment, in which I have learnt to value, as I ought, your generous heart, I tremble with the fears of having lost it for ever.

Lady Raymond. If hereafter you shou'd meet a feeling soul, which, cannot be seduced, either by the temptations of the world, or the feelings of resentment—Oh, rescue it from the only pang that is insupportable—which has ruined my peace for ever,—the finding myself for a moment, an object of doubt, from circumstances that alone originated in a fond wish to see you happy.

Lord Raymond. I know it, my dear girl; all your noble conduct in assisting me by the means of Levy, also the amiable motive that led you to Clara's: judge then of my grateful tenderness.

Lady Raymond. What! has Levy betrayed me? Oh, the Judas!

Lord Raymond. He has been the means of rescuing me, from worse than an object of poverty, from becoming despicable, by persisting in my follies, and neglect of thee. Macpharo has been detected cheating, and, afraid

afraid that I owed him all that money, which I find you generously lent me, I flew to Levy, and forced him to tell me all.

Lady Raymond. I well knew that he was a base one.

Lord Raymond. I was more severe upon him than the rest; and he sneeringly, bid me prepare to pay him the money I borrowed of him through the medium of Ben Levy.

Lady Raymond. This is but *one* of the *many* bad consequences which arise from treating every *wretch* that has plenty of money, no matter how acquired, as a *friend* and *companion*; whilst birth, honour, and every virtue are depressed by poverty—I knew he was a vile fellow, and had you treated me with more confidence, I should have told you ere now. But how can we procure money to pay him?—I'll fly again to my father! [*Going.*]

Lord Raymond. Generous, noble girl!—Stop, he is paid—“I imagined from what he said, that I owed him all that you kindly advanced me—I flew to the Israelite, and forced him to tell me to whom I was indebted—and, oh, my Fanny! words cannot express my feelings at your generous delicacy.”—Your money proved very fortunate; I won back a great part of my losses; and for ever I forswear the follies of fashion, and devote the rest of my life to my sweet girl.

Lady Raymond. Then she will be happy beyond the reach of misfortune! “This assurance has made the anguish you found me o'erwhelm'd in, give way to the most lively joy.”—Let us forget the past, and, by mutual confidence, for the future, study the happiness of each other—But, indeed, you must not retain so much fashion about you, as to be ashamed to protect your poor Fanny, who has been sadly beset.

Lord Raymond. No,—my greatest joy and pride shall ever be to shew my respect and adoration for her virtues.

Lady Raymond. Well then, do help me to protect poor Clara, and to support her in the paths of peace and honour. But, Heavens! what would Mrs. Ten-

der *not* say, did she chance to hear of your suspicions of me?

Lord Raymond. Fear nothing, my Fanny. Virtue may be *traduced*, but never can be *injured*. Such a soul as yours is above all praise, and far beyond the reach of malice. But we must hasten to the *maquerade* in our new characters of the happy man and wife.

Lady Raymond. Indeed, my Henry, all the world will think that you have adopted that character as the surest disguise.

Lord Raymond. Dissipation and indifference are only the masks of fashion, which I now drop, to be *myself*, affectionate and rational; I have too perfect a sense of what I have lost by neglecting my lovely wife, ever again to sacrifice *her* esteem, by following the unfeeling vices of fashion.

Lady Raymond. [*With joy*] Then all my sombre melancholy will be turned to wild transport and gaiety.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Masquerade.

All the Characters.—A Dance.

[*Lady Clairville, in the Character of a Vestal, seated alone—Lord Ormond in a black domino.*]

Lord Raymond. Oh, Villiers! there she sits; let me take courage, and speak to her—[*Goes and sits by her*]—Is it possible that so lovely a form could, thus cruel to our sex, take the cold vow of celibacy.

Lady Clairville. Rather is it possible, that a man who ought to know the contemptible inconstancy and perfidy of his own sex, shou'd wonder *at such* a resolution having been formed, by *one*, who perhaps has been a wretched sacrifice to duplicity, and a lover's perfidy?

Lord Ormond. Trust not your own heart, fair Lady; things are not always what they seem.—I cou'd tell you a story of ill-fated love, which wou'd convince you that a man may appear false, when only a wretched victim to honor.

Lady Clairville. Oh, some fable! fancied in a romantic girl's enthusiastic brain: few men now-a-days sacrifice

sacrifice even their poorest caprice to honor, tho' they wou'd easily the life of their dearest friend—to what they falsely term the *point* of honor.

Lord Ormond. Alas! this ill-fated man loved to madness, the most exalted of her sex; his only hope of joy was in making her the partner of his fate.

Lady Clairville. [*Sighing.*] Oh! if he was disappointed in such tender hopes, he was a wretch indeed!

Lord Ormond. Unfortunately led into a state of intoxication, when insensible of his actions, he was tempted to triumph over the sister of his best friend; an innocent girl; exposed by the frivolity and errors of a modern education. What would you think of the man, who, to repair this injury to his friend, and the unsuspecting victim of his passion, not only sacrificed his beloved, promised wife, but doubly murdered his *own* repose, by appearing inconstant, and wantonly perfidious?

Lady Clairville. Oh! I'd deify his manly resolution, which enabled him generously to forfeit his mistress's esteem, and his own happiness, rather than publish the dishonour of this unfortunate!

Lord Ormond. Such a man *does* exist. Such a story is true in all its particulars; the sufferings of his soul I cannot attempt to describe.

Lady Clairville. Oh, I well know them all!

Lord Ormond. One thing I must add, the poor girl, on hearing the tenderness which existed between the *till then*, happy pair, fled from him: rather than repair her peace at the price of theirs; and enjoined her destroyer to tell his adored mistress her story to justify his apparent perfidy.

Lady Clairville. Oh, may he be happy! How I reverence his generosity and honor!—*But one thing* seems to obscure their lustre—how came he to confide such a story to you?

Lord Ormond. [*Unmasks and kneels.*] Alas! that wretch is Ormond! who has ever with the tenderest passion adored his Augusta, whose expressions of benevolence now bid him hope for pity and forgiveness.

Lady Clairville. Oh, Heavens! How shall I support my present feelings! Is it then possible that my Ormond

mond has been thus afflicted—Suffered such martyrdom for honor and Augusta!—But I feel myself so disordered, I must retire. Misery had totally sunk my drooping spirits—Happiness now agitates and overwhelms them. [*Exeunt Lord Orm. and Lady Clair.*]

Mrs. Tender and Daffodil unmasked—Lord and Lady Raymond listen to them masked.

Mrs. Tender. Heavens! did you see them? They were absolutely indecent in company.

Daffodil. Yes; and, to complete matters, they are gone off together.

Mrs. Tender. No wonder that Miss Raymond preferred a convent to such a graceless varlet. Oh she would have had a pretty time of it with this infamous lady Clairville.

Daffodil. Have you seen Lady Raymond since her detection? I suppose she will think no more reserve necessary, but dash away.

Mrs. Tender. Oh never doubt it; and her lord—poor mean wretch, will very contentedly pocket all favors.

Daffodil. How has he settled with Macpharo?—I suppose he is totally done up.

Mrs. Tender. All, I hope, is by this time under execution; this Macpharo is an odious fellow. I always had an aversion to him. These Irish fellows are the devil. I always have my eye upon them. Indeed this age is so very profligate I must go bury myself; I must cut Lady Clairville and Lady Raymond's acquaintance after all these flurs upon them. I must retire to the country: I cannot longer witness such wickedness. [*All unmask and laugh.*]

Vilhers. Yes, Madam; to retire to the country is now your only plan. Infamous woman! to make the preaching of religion and sentiment a screen to such profligate vice and depravity.

Lord Raymond. In Lady Raymond's name I thank you as I ought, for your kind reports of me; also for the plot you laid to expose her. Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes, Ha, ha, ha!
Mrs.

Mrs. Tender. Infamous, insulting, contented, despicable wretch ! [Exit.]

Lord Raymond. Be not uneasy, my Fanny, at her venomous scurrility ; the confidence which I feel in your matchless goodness the vice of millions could not shake.

Enter Lady Clairville and Lord Ormond.

Lady Bonton. Lady Clairville, why sure you have not forgot your friend Captain Daffodil.

Lady Clairville. I never had the honor of seeing that gentleman before.

Villiers. What, Daffy, after being so bless'd at Tunbridge ! this is mortifying !

Lady Clairville. What can you mean ? I never was at Tunbridge in my life.

Lady Bonton. Only, my dear, this pretty-fac'd coxcomb, whose society is sought for by many that wish to hear his scandals, has done you the favor to say that he was mighty well with you at Tunbridge.

Lord Raymond. " He has the same inclination to defame with Mrs. Tender, though I fancy he has a better right to talk scandal ; for I take him to be much the chastest of the two, spite of all his boasted bonnes fortunes." [All laugh.]

Lord Ormond. What has the villain dared——

Lord Raymond. Stop, Ormond ; I have more cause of quarrel than you have ; but one can neither expect from him the conduct of a man or the satisfaction of a gentleman.—So don't frighten the poor *thing* out of its wits.

Lady Bonton. Or rather *senses*, for wit he has none.

Lord Bonton. Raymond, you have no *cause* of quarrel, for you know he vow'd he was innocent as the child unborn, and never even attempted to injure you.

Lady Bonton. How foolish he looks ! Ha, ha, ha !

Villiers. For once then he appears in character.

Daffodil. Well, gentlemen, you may be as envious as you please. He, he, he ! The ladies all will court and caress me after this, and console me for your spiteful taunts. [Goes out, then returning.] But one thing you

you cannot deny ; I was fairly locked up with her, and, have not told what pass'd. But I must run and tell the Dutchess of Dash, and all my set, that your Lordship don't mean to bore me for damages. He, he, he !

[Exit.] [All laugh.]

Lord Raymond. Ormond, I wish you joy !

Ormond. And I felicitate you on being recovered from the follies of the Ton to a sense of the blessings you enjoy in your amiable wife.

Lord Raymond. I trust the example of our better halves will tempt the ladies all to emulate those virtues which have made us for ever renounce the follies of fashion, and devote our future lives to that only real comfort which Heaven has bestowed on mortals,—virtuous, mutual, wedded love.

Lady Raymond.

Blest with a feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
When freed from Ton, what social bliss we find ;
But sure no joys e'en heartfelt love can cause,
Such raptures give us as the Justs' applause.

T H E E N D.



E P I L O G U E.

IS the storm over? Is the thunder past?
 And shall the Epilogue be heard at last?
 'Tis our last word, a word you know of old,
 That's always ready when you rave and scold.
 But where beseech? Where best bestow my breath?
 I can't press you, [*To the Pit*] already press'd to
 death;

No, there's no room your anger to bewitch,
 You can't be mov'd, you're screw'd to such a pitch.
 Methinks I hear some prompting spirit cry,
 Look up in your distress! Hope lives on high!
 [*To Gallery.*] Shall I there find her? Sure you won't
 suppress

Your noblest power, ye Gods, your power to bless.
 For you, fair nymphs [*Boxes.*] who melt in approbation,
 This play, I trust, you'll call a relaxation;
 And sure our author's thirst of letter'd fame
 Deserves from *polish'd* hearts a shelter'd name;
 For sure 'tis *brave*, thus *fairly* on the stage
 To meet the *coxcomb's* and the Gambler's rage—
 * “No sword or pistols, true, she has to dread,
 “But from their malice she is sure to bleed;
 “Nor scandals raised, and spread in *morning* papers,
 “Are weapons far more loudly than the rapiers.”
 —Fearless in virtue's cause to draw the pen,
 And prove what women dare against you men.

* These four lines were added by the authoress since the Epilogue was spoken.

EPILOGUE.

Now for myself some pity I shou'd wake,
Unskill'd unpractis'd in the task I take ;
Here, where the pow'rs of finish'd speakers shine,
How silly was it to make choice of mine !
Of me, a weed, unknown to Rhet'ric's flow'rs,
A simple cowslip in these fragrant bow'rs,
What can I do ? but rest my hopeless aims
On imitative arts and borrow'd names :
Call to your eyes delights you oft have felt,
And try with copy'd charms to please and melt.

IMITATIONS.

Thus the young artist, fearful of each stricture
With diffidence first ventures on a picture ;
More than content, if he escape from blame—
Your praise may give the portraiture a name,
And fix—if just, a character and fame.

